

MACLEAN'S

DECEMBER 1 1952 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

THE BOYD GANG FIASCO

By Allan A. Lamport

The Slide That Shook the West

CHARLOTTETOWN by KARSH





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EDITORIAL

OUR SHAM DEFENSE BATTLE

PARLIAMENT has hardly started yet but it seems we're to hear the usual doubletalk from both sides of the House about Canada's defense effort.

Progressive Conservatives say, or imply, that it isn't big enough. They are careful not to criticize our fighting men, even more careful not to urge spending more money on them, most careful of all not to specify just how big or how costly our armed services should be. But in a general way our rearmament looks to them like a pretty poor show.

Liberals reply, with righteous indignation, that Canada's fighting men are "second to none" in training, equipment, efficiency, morale and any other good qualities that Roget's Thesaurus can suggest. Nobody has disputed this, as far as we know. But the Liberals go on to imply that, except for the nasty unpatriotic Opposition, no one in the wide world has ever breathed a hint of criticism in Canada's direction. And if you produce a press clipping to disprove this claim they counter with a bale of courteous platitudes uttered by various visiting firemen at various military inspections. According to them, everybody in the world agrees that we are wonderful.

This is twaddle, as everyone knows who has talked to a frank U. S. citizen. A friendly American reporter put it bluntly, over a year ago: "We have twelve times your population and eighteen times your income. Why have we got thirty times as many men in uniform?"

Anyone who thinks there is no criticism of Canada simply hasn't been listening. Our NATO allies think we've been dragging our feet, and they won't be persuaded by any amount of arithmetic on the ratio of defense spending to national income.

There is only one honest answer to this.

Compared to the United States and compared to the United Kingdom we are dragging our feet. It is no defense to say we are doing more than Iceland or Costa Rica. We never fail to scream with resentment at any suggestion of inferiority when it comes to privilege or precedence, so let's admit without wriggling or squirming that we are accepting and even insisting upon inferiority in our share of the common defense.

The question is what, if anything, can be done about it. Canada is not raising as many men, by any proportion, as the United States or Britain. But Canada is raising as many men as can be raised by the voluntary method. To get more we'd have to have conscription, in peacetime.

This point makes very little impression on an American or a British critic. His natural rejoinder is "What of it? We don't like conscription either, but we have it. Why should you be different?"

There's an answer to this, although not everyone even in Canada is convinced by it. The answer is that conscription is an old wound in our body politic, a wound that now seems to be healing. There is real hope, for the first time, that in a moment of actual emergency Canada might be able to exert her full strength at once without internal disruption. There is real danger that this hope might be withered by drastic action now.

But whether you accept this argument or not—and we don't happen to accept it ourselves—one thing is certain: No party will advocate conscription here and now. Therefore we won't have it, unless there is a new emergency. Therefore this partisan debate is just a political sham battle. We suggest to both sides that they state the facts and call off the pillow fight.

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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CONTENTS

Vol. 65 DECEMBER 1, 1952 No. 23

Cover: Painted by William Winter

Picture Essay

KARSH PHOTOGRAPHS THE FACE OF CANADA:
CHARLOTTETOWN 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15

Articles

THE BIGGEST PRIVATE EYE OF ALL. McKenzie Porter	7
GORDON BELL'S SCHOOL FOR SOBRIETY. Sidney Katz	8
MAUDE BURBANK AND HER MUSICAL MOPPETS. Ian Sclanders	16
THE EDEN ISLE OF EVIL SPIRITS. Don Delaplante	18
WHAT THE BOYD GANG FIASCO CAN TEACH US. Allan A. Lampert and Eric Hutton	20
THE SLIDE THAT SHOOK THE WEST. A Maclean's Flashback. George A. Yackulic	22
THE WORLD'S MOST ARDENT BIRDWATCHER. Marjorie Earl	24
YOU CAN'T STOP A WOMAN CRYING. Robert Thomas Allen	26

Departments

EDITORIAL	2
IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE	2
LONDON LETTER. Beverley Baxter	4
BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA. Blair Fraser	5
MACLEAN'S MOVIES. Conducted by Clyde Gilmour	28
DRIVING HAZARDS. Paul Steiner	62
MAILBAG	76
WIT AND WISDOM	79
PARADE	80

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE

By—Telegram (page 2), Wheeler (4), Wide World (4), Press Association (4), Ronny Jaques (7, 24, 25), Peter Croydon (8, 9), Karsh (10-15), H. W. Tellow (16, 17, 18, 19), S. White (16), Star (20, 21), Globe and Mail (21), Alberta Government (22, 23), Paul Queneau (24), Dursley Gozette (25).

IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

SIR WILLIAM Stephenson, a power in international finance and a friend and adviser of world statesmen, cultivated the habit of secrecy during his career as Britain's boss intelligence agent in the western hemisphere. **McKenzie Porter**, Maclean's regional editor for Quebec, is the first writer who has succeeded in tearing the veil aside and



Don Delaplante

telling the story of Stephenson's amazing life (page 7) ... **Don Delaplante**, who describes Manitoulin Island on pages 18 and 19, is a writer-photographer who rambles around ninety thousand square miles of northern Ontario and northwestern Quebec in search of material. A hardy soul, whose working equipment includes snowshoes,



George Yackulic

he served in North Africa, Sicily and Italy during the war ... **George A. Yackulic**, who appears in Maclean's for the first time with his account of the Frank Slide (pages 22 and 23), is on the staff of the Lethbridge (Alta.) Herald ... Toronto artist **Bill Winter** made a back-yard skating rink for his two children last winter. It brought him lots of headaches but it also brought him an idea for this issue's cover, in which Bill himself—slightly disguised—is the harassed little man with the wayward hose.

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, MONTREAL, DECEMBER 1, 1952



Presenting



Never before in the history of shaving has there been an instrument to compare with the new Remington 60 DeLuxe — the shaver designed for the man who demands perfection. Remington Rand has set the world's standard for electric shavers. And this new masterpiece breaks all previous records for performance, quality, and styling.

Three extra-long twin shaving heads, built on the famous Remington Contour principle to fit every type of face! Never before has it been possible to remove whiskers so quickly, so smoothly, so easily. See and try the new Remington 60 DeLuxe today, at your dealer's.

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Gargle LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC Quick to get after these germs

Among the "Secondary Invaders" Are Germs of the Pneumonia and "Strep" Types.

These, and other "secondary invaders," as well as germ-types not shown, can be quickly reduced in number by the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.



(1) Pneumococcus Type III, (2) Bacillus influenzae, (3) Streptococcus hemolyticus, (4) Pneumococcus Type IV, (5) Streptococcus viridans.

Prompt Action . . . can often help head them off or lessen their severity

WHATEVER ELSE YOU DO, gargle Listerine Antiseptic at the first hint of a sneeze, sniffle, cough or scratchy throat due to a cold.

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Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs, including those called "secondary invaders." (See panel above.) These are the very bacteria that often are responsible for so much of a cold's misery when they stage a mass invasion of the body through throat tissues. Listerine Antiseptic, the most widely used

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London Letter

BY *Beverley Baxter*

KRUPP, SCHACHT AND ROMMEL

IT WAS the night of Oct. 1, 1946, and the scene was the Castle Harben on the outskirts of Nuremberg. The Nazi criminals had been sentenced to death that afternoon and the gentlemen of the Press (British, French and American) who were billeted in the castle had sent off their dispatches and were in a high state of celebration.

Drinks were being served swiftly and smilingly by the German servants. A German orchestra which had been playing Strauss changed to Anchors Aweigh. Half a dozen American officers jumped up and shouted to the orchestra to march. Round and round the great room went the German band blaring away while the reporters of all nations joined the U. S. officers in the march of triumph.

Then there was a roll of drums and from behind a door sprang Hitler. His eyes blazed, his silly Chaplinesque mustache trembled, his voice went from a melancholy baritone to a piercing tenor. It was guttural, preposterous, meaningless fake German, culminating in a periodical shriek of "Sieg Heil!" to which we all roared back "Sieg Heil!" Actually the gentleman in question was a reporter from the London Daily Express made up for the part and, as a performance, it had much merit. That day we had seen eleven famously infamous men sentenced to be hanged. Downstairs in the foyer of Castle Harben the duty sergeant had posted up the advertisement for next week's American film at the local opera house. It was The Swing Parade of 1946.

Obviously the party at the castle was going on all night so I left it and went for a walk in the moonlight. During the walk I saw something lying in the road. It was an Iron Cross with ribbon attached. A fitting finish to a day and night of sardonic horror.

One does not need the perception of a Shakespeare nor the philosophy of a Bacon to know that yesterday is the parent of today, and that today is the parent of tomorrow.



Hjalmar Schacht

At Nuremberg, for the first time in history, men had been sentenced to death for crimes against civilization and crimes against peace. Goering took it with a bow because he had a secret rendezvous with death that would not require the attendance of the hangman. Julius Streicher, the venomous rat who had stirred up hatred against the Jews, almost collapsed. Kaltenbrunner of the massive head and face merely clicked his heels, as if he were answering the salute of a division of his Gestapo murderers. The once elegant Ribbentrop made no sign of understanding for he had disintegrated in prison until he was a gaping imbecile older than sin or death.

But there was one man with a sulky unpleasant face who showed no sign of any emotion when it was announced that he was not guilty and could go free. The man was Hjalmar Schacht, an early opponent of Hitler's who subsequently lent his genius to the Führer for building up the financial and economic strength of the Third Reich. But in the latter stages of the war he had become suspect of plotting against Hitler's life and was put into a concentration camp. As far as appearance was concerned Schacht looked in the dock like the embodiment of human hatred.

That night when the condemned men went to their cells, where they were to remain until their execution or removal to a fortress, Dr. Schacht went into the streets. But he grew frightened and returned to sleep in his cell. As a concession to his new status the door of the cell was left open.

But the sword of justice was not finished with the all-star cast of criminals at Nuremberg. Not content with the Gestapo murderers and Jew baiters and prisoner-shooting generals, the four great conquering civilizing powers—the U. S., Britain, France and Russia—put Hitler's armorer in the dock. Was it not Krupp who had built the Big Bertha of the First World War which, at a remarkable distance, managed to send a heavy shell over Paris that



Alfred Krupp



Erwin Rommel

Continued on page 44



BLAIR FRASER

BACKSTAGE at Ottawa

A Closed Shop in the Commonwealth?

EVEN THOUGH no sensational news is expected from the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference it is regarded as a meeting of real importance. If plans bear fruit it might become a milestone of Commonwealth history. But no matter how far the conference may fall short of its maximum goals it is still important to Canada.

There is at present a split in the British Government and Conservative Party. It's not as notorious or acrimonious as the Attlee-Bevan split in the British Labour Party, but it does fall along similar lines. The Tory Bevanites are the Empire Free Traders, the men who would like to use imperial preference to build an impassable tariff wall around the Commonwealth and create an "Empire trading area."

Actually these men are the right wing of the Conservative Party and nothing would more infuriate them than to be compared to radical Nye Bevan, the ultra-Socialist. But they have this in common with Bevan: their emotional motive power is anti-Americanism. Like Bevan, the Empire Free Traders feel that somehow everything would come right if they could stop trying to get on with those difficult Yanks. Like Bevan, they are seeking a refuge from the unpalatable alternatives which face the British economy.

Not many British cabinet ministers, and not the ablest or most responsible of them, are included in this faction. It does include many Conservative MPs, though, and it's a considerable political force. Winston Churchill doesn't really take sides in the argument at all, except that he is firmly and unshakably pro-Ameri-

can. On the other hand he doesn't much like "Rab" Butler, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Butler is the principal foe of the Empire Free Trade group. Butler is also the advocate, executor and symbol of the drastic deflationary measures which, in the opinion of most outside observers, have become unavoidable if Britain is to get back on her feet. It would be politically impossible to take such unpopular steps until the panacea of Empire Free Trade had at least been discussed among Commonwealth governments.

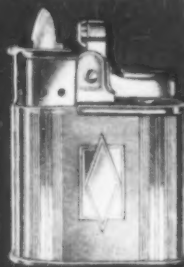
The Canadian Government believes that any such course would be utterly disastrous. Canada's role in London will be, among other things, to point out loudly and emphatically that the Commonwealth cannot hope to get on without the co-operation of the United States. And Canada knows, if the other Commonwealth nations do not, that any extension of imperial preference would make co-operation with the U. S. impossible.

Of course the United States is not alone in resenting imperial preferences. European countries feel the same. France, Belgium, Holland, the Scandinavian nations all ask Canada indignantly, "How can we sell goods to you, and earn dollars to buy your goods, when we have to pay a high tariff and the British pay a much lower one?" The only difference between European and American objections, under present conditions, is that the Europeans can be ignored and the Americans cannot. American collaboration is absolutely essential to every conceivable scheme for British recovery.

Washington finds it hard enough to accept or *Continued on page 63*



Cartoon by Grossick



RONSON MASTERCASE — Lighter-cigarette case. Textured enamel. \$18.00. Others from \$16.50



RONSON DECANTER — Table lighter. Heavy silver plate. \$19.00. Others from \$12.00



RONSON CROWN HOSTESS SET — Table lighter, cigarette urn, oval tray, all in heavy silver plate. \$36.00. Lighter only, \$16.50



RONSON LEONA — Table lighter, silver plate and porcelain enamel, floral design. \$14.50



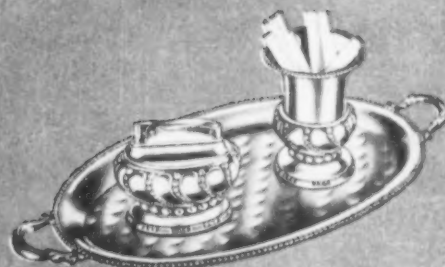
RONSON MEDALLIST — Coral, deep blue, jade, emerald, brown or grey enamel. \$6.50



CHRISTMAS GIFT SURVEY* PROVES MOST FOLKS WANT RONSONS!

*Yes, in an independent nationwide lighter survey, 81% of people quizzed ... said "The lighter I want is a Ronson!"

Give the gift they want! A Ronson! Every Ronson is a gem of design made with jewellers' precision. Be sure you give a Ronson... the real thing, not a feeble imitation. It will be a constant reminder of you!



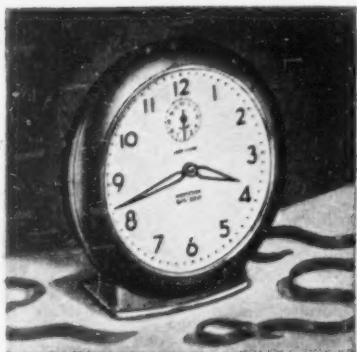
RONSON CROWN HOSTESS SET — Table lighter, cigarette urn, oval tray, all in heavy silver plate. \$36.00. Lighter only, \$16.50



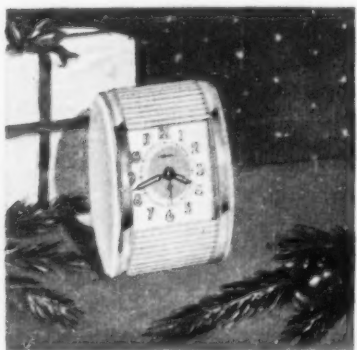
RONSON QUEEN ANNE PAIR — Table lighter, heavy silver plate, and matching cigarette box in genuine walnut. \$35.00. Lighter only, \$16.50

PRESS, IT'S LIT! RELEASE, IT'S OUT!
TO AVOID IMITATIONS LOOK FOR
THIS NAME ON THE LIGHTER:
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WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

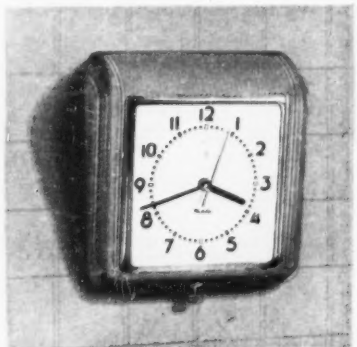
P.S. All lighters work best with Ronsonol®
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BIG BEN SPRING-DRIVEN ALARM. World-famous! A tick you can hear and a deep intermittent "fire-alarm" gong. \$6.95. With luminous dial, he's \$7.95.



TRAVELER SPRING-DRIVEN. You can take it with you! Closes like a clam; tucks into corner of bag. Flip it open; it's on duty and on time. Luminous, \$8.75.



DUNBAR ELECTRIC WALL CLOCK. Attractive plastic case gracefully tilts dial forward for easier reading. Four colour choices—white, ivory, red, green. \$8.95.

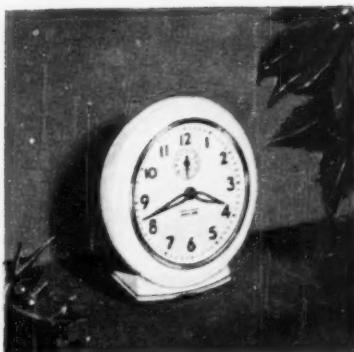


...and to all
a good time!

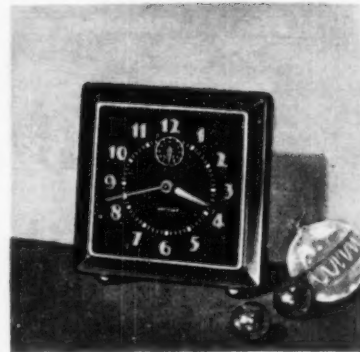
All kinds of time
—electric and spring-driven
clocks for every room
in the house.
Gifts that keep on saying
"Merry Christmas!"

WESTCLOX

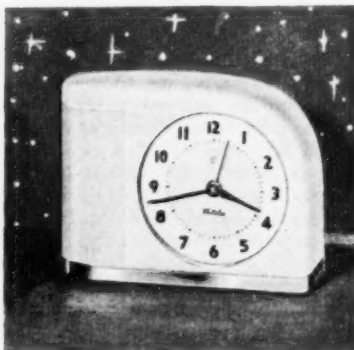
made by the makers of **BIG BEN***



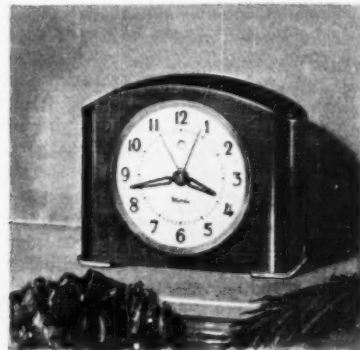
BABY BEN SPRING-DRIVEN ALARM. "Little brother" of Big Ben. Has a quiet tick; a steady call, adjustable to loud or soft. \$6.95. With luminous dial, \$7.95.



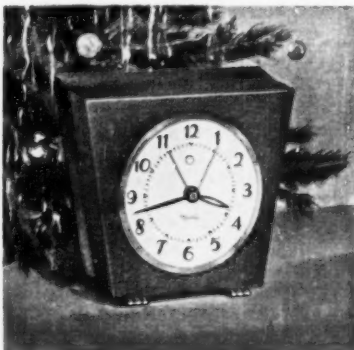
SPUR SPRING-DRIVEN ALARM. Day-and-night reading feature at low price. Steady bell alarm. Base tilts clock at graceful, easy-reading angle. \$4.50.



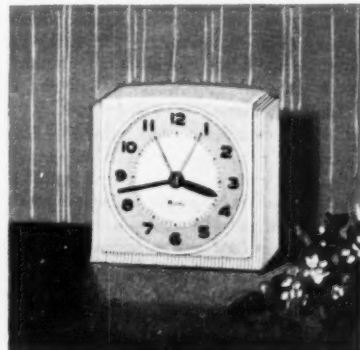
MOONBEAM ELECTRIC ALARM. Calls you silently. First call is flashing light; later joined by audible alarm. 60 cycle only. \$14.50. Luminous dial, \$15.50.



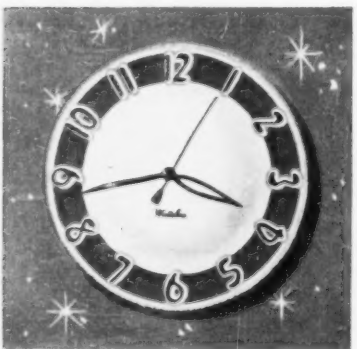
GREENWICH ELECTRIC ALARM. Truly handsome. Rich, mahogany-finish wood case; pleasant-tone bell alarm. \$10.95. With luminous dial, one dollar more.



SPHINX ELECTRIC ALARM. Elegantly simple with rich mahogany-finish wood case in modern design. 4½ inches high. Clear bell alarm. \$10.95. Luminous, \$11.95.



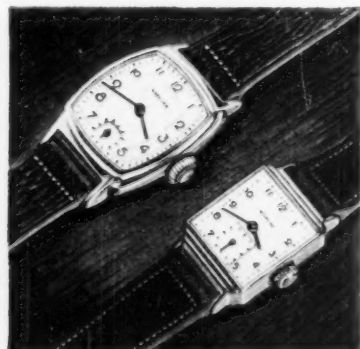
BANTAM ELECTRIC ALARM. This good-looking little chap is only 3½ inches high. Clear-toned bell alarm has cheerful call. \$6.50. Luminous dial, \$7.50.



MELODY ELECTRIC WALL CLOCK. Fits any room, any colour scheme. Mounts flush on wall; surplus cord concealed. Wide colour choice. \$9.95.



POCKET BEN. Thin, good-looking and reliable. Built for rugged service. A watch that "can take it". \$4.45. With luminous dial, he's a dollar more.



WRIST BEN. Thin, handsome, rugged. \$8.95. Luminous dial, a dollar more. **RAJAH.** Smart for dress, sturdy for work or play. Plain dial. \$11.95.

THE BIGGEST PRIVATE EYE OF ALL

The most secret of all cloak-and-dagger operations of the Second World War was directed by a mysterious millionaire from Winnipeg named William Stephenson. Here, for the first time, is the story of the man who pulled the strings which spiked Hitler's guns in the western hemisphere

By **McKENZIE PORTER**

PHOTO BY RONNY JAUQUES

THIS IS about a mysterious middle-aged Canadian millionaire who during the Second World War became the mastermind of British intelligence throughout the Americas. His New York headquarters staff of more than a thousand hand-picked Canadian men and women spoke of his doorkeeper as "Peter," of his secretary as "Gabriel" and of him as "God." Only a handful of them knew him by sight.

Today his name is unfamiliar to the ordinary citizen, but he is known to the world's foremost industrialists, bankers and statesmen as Sir William Stephenson. He was knighted for his war services by King George VI and awarded the Medal For Merit, the U.S.'s highest civilian decoration, by President Truman.

After winning the MC, DSC and Croix de Guerre in the 1914-18 war Stephenson built up a fortune with capital derived from royalties on an ingenious can opener he found in a German prison camp. By the middle Thirties his financial interests were world wide and he was in a unique position for garnering industrial intelligence. He provided Winston Churchill with ammunition for oracular speeches on the growing might of Hitler during the days of Baldwin's blindness and Chamberlain's timidity.

In 1940 Churchill sent him to New York to command all his government's secret-service operations in the western hemisphere. Stephenson directed an organization called British Security Co-ordination from an office in Rockefeller Center on Fifth Avenue. The staff was mainly Canadian because Canadians had a special facility for getting on with Americans and could be recruited nearer at hand.

Under Sir William's leadership BSC trained hundreds of Canadian and American parachutists for jumps into occupied Europe; caused the sinking of many enemy submarines by decoding their radio signals and pinpointing their position at sea; delayed Hitler's attack on Russia by six weeks with a few calculated indiscretions; neutralized a vast German sabotage ring in the Latin American republics; contributed to the smashing of dummy companies operated in various parts of the world by the German industrial cartel of I. G. Farben; helped to sustain American faith in British victory during the dark days between Dunkirk

Continued on page 67



Knighted in 1945, Stephenson, fifty-six, lives in a Manhattan pen'house.

A BONUS-LENGTH FEATURE



Dr. Gordon M. Bell says alcoholism should be treated as a sickness.

On a manicured country estate

with mauve bathtubs

Dr. Bell tries to turn drunks

back into useful citizens.

For six hundred dollars

he offers odds of three to one

By SIDNEY KATZ

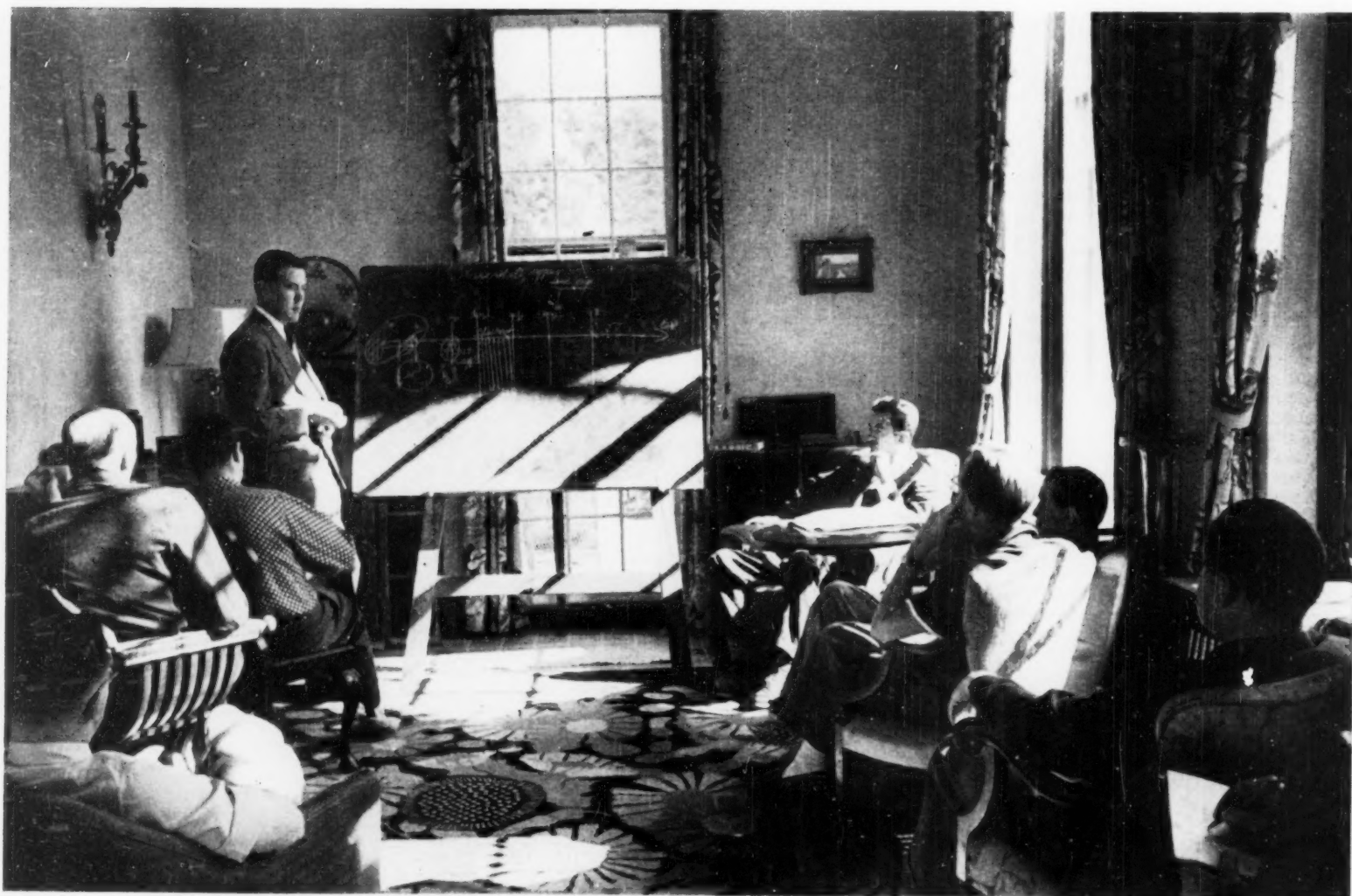
FOUR children who live in a bungalow in the Toronto suburb of Willowdale have a rare sympathy and understanding for the problems and needs of the chronic drunkard.

The Bell children—Ronald, eight; Janice, seven; Linda, five; and Mary, two—possess this unusual wisdom because, from their earliest childhood, a succession of alcoholics has lived with the family.

Their understanding was exemplified by their treatment of a recent guest, a forty-year-old gardener. They announced his arrival to the kids in the neighborhood by saying, "We've got another sick man staying with us." They have long ago rejected the popular myth that the alcoholic is a weak immoral person; to them he's merely a person with a disease who needs help. As soon as the guest sobered up, Ronald and Janice made frequent appearances at his bedside carrying glasses of cold water and fruit juice, for they knew that he would have an overpowering thirst. Later they brought him trays of nourishing food. They were aware that food is repulsive to the alcoholic while he is on a binge and, as a result, he is half starved when he sobers up. When the guest was sufficiently recovered to be sociable, Linda and Mary frequently crawled up on his lap to ruffle his hair and plant a kiss on his cheek. They intuitively sensed that the alcoholic, whose habits don't usually invite affection, would welcome this display of warmth.

GORDON BELL'S SCHOOL FOR SOBRIETY

PHOTOS BY PETER CROYDON



Patients at Shadow Brook listen intently as psychiatrist J. M. Rae gives a group pep talk with diagrams. They are being taught how to live without alcohol.

These four youngsters are familiar with one of the gravest social and medical problems of our times because their father is Dr. Gordon Bell, one of Canada's outstanding authorities on alcoholism. At forty-one, Bell, a handsome solidly built man who usually wears a tweed sports jacket and slacks, is the director of the Shadow Brook Health Foundation for men and the Willowdale Hospital for women, both located on the northern outskirts of Toronto. Certain patients are treated in Bell's modest home, which is only a stone's throw away from his sanitarium. Bell himself is a moderate drinker. "I like the mild anaesthetic effect of two bottles of beer," he says. "Besides—my patients find it reassuring that I drink."

In the last four years Bell has treated more than a thousand people in serious trouble over liquor. They come from all over the United States and Canada. Some of them are men successful in business, medicine, law and letters. The fee for treatment at Shadow Brook is six hundred dollars. This includes three weeks of hospitalization, when the patient is served by doctors, nurses, psychiatrists, psychologists and experts in rehabilitation. Also included in the fee is a follow-up service.

"Patients remain our babies for four years," says Bell. "All you can do in the three weeks they're here is sober them up, build them up physically, then give them a shove in the right direction. The rest is up to the patient, but it's also up to us to keep an eye on him." Bell regards Shadow Brook as more a school than a hospital. Patients "take the course" in learning how to live without alcohol and, when they leave, are referred to as "graduates."

Bell also treats groups of men and women in two Ontario prisons who have repeatedly run afoul of the law because of a taste for strong drink. Some of his prisoner-patients have responded amazingly well. A gaunt and grey janitor, who has been in jail most of his fifty years because of drunkenness, has now been sober and working steadily for fourteen months. "He spends his days off down at police court watching his former cronies being sentenced," says Bell. "He claims it helps keep him on the wagon."

At a house party in Sudbury which Bell recently attended, a fellow guest accused him of mollycoddling his patients. This accusation, which Bell has heard more than once, stems from the fact that Shadow Brook is probably the most handsome and most luxurious treatment centre for alcoholics on the continent. It was built twenty-five years ago as a private residence by a wealthy Toronto stockbroker, Hamilton B. Wills. At the time, the building and its contents were conservatively estimated to be worth half a million dollars. The main residence, which is styled after an Italian villa, is surrounded by forty-three acres of lawn, garden and woods which are divided by a tributary of the Don River. Much of Wills' original Italian antique furniture, thick carpets, red plush chairs, paintings and tapestries still remain. In the bedrooms, floors are covered wall-to-wall with raspberry broadloom, walls are covered with linen, the bathtubs are mauve, and the showers boast water spigots of seven different speeds. An eleven-room guest house is connected to the main building by a tunnel, for the Wills were lavish entertainers.

"Why, some of my patients learned how to drink here!" says Bell. A feature of the basement is a spacious wine cellar. "It's not in use now," adds Bell, wryly.

The Shadow Brook Health Foundation came into existence in 1948 when a wealthy steel magnate who insists on remaining anonymous, with a firm belief in the value of Bell's work, purchased the Wills estate for one hundred thousand dollars. A limited company, with the industrialist as principal shareholder, was set up. Bell was installed as medical director. Pleased because this private financial backing makes him independent of the wets, the dries and governments, Bell says with pride: "No one can pressure me. The patient's welfare is my only consideration when there's a clinical decision to be made." Bell pays the industrialist a yearly rental thus giving him a small profit on his investment. Ultimately, Bell hopes to purchase the property.

Continued on page 52

"WE SOBER THEM, BUILD THEM UP, GIVE THEM A SHOVE IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION"

Rx



"The gun" — a kingsize hypo — restores chemistry balance in the drunk's body.

REVULSION



Antabuse is used. It makes a man deathly sick if he takes even one glass of beer.

RELAXATION



Nurse Mary Epps supervises a rest hour after lunch. Most alcoholics are tense.

RESEARCH



Psychiatrist J. J. Holmes chats informally with a patient on hospital's fine lawns.

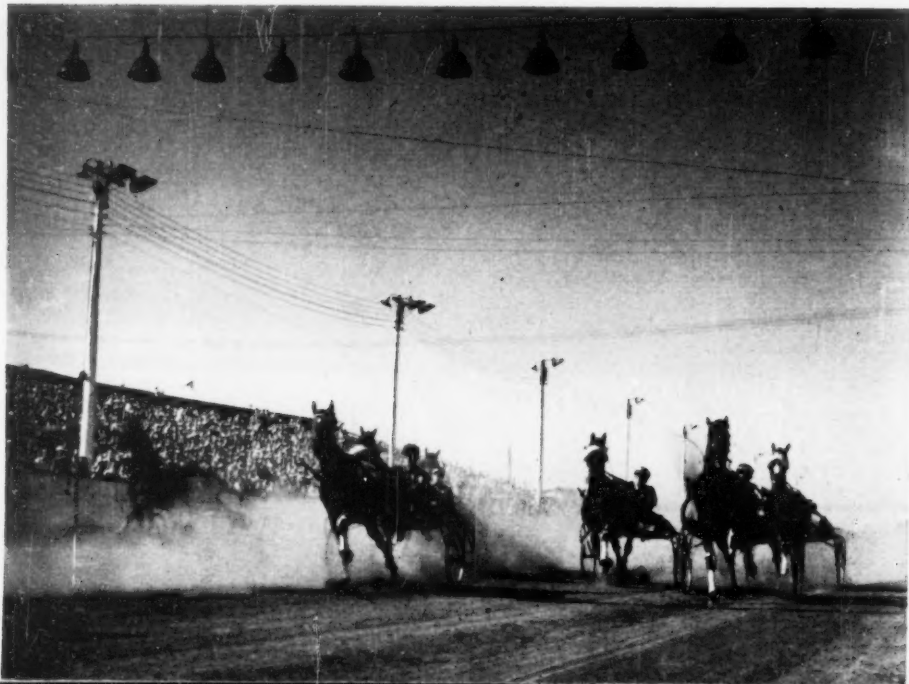


Standard-bred filly owned by Willard Kelly was named after Madame Karsh whose first name is Solange. Kelly decided to make the name more recognizable, shortened it to So Long. It is of champion stock.

Karsh's Charlottetown

The City that's One Big Farm

To Yousuf Karsh, touring Canada for Maclean's,
Charlottetown wasn't a city at all
but a rural community where the tempo of life is leisurely,
the ways ancient and the soil fertile



In a sloping field on the outskirts of Charlottetown Karsh's camera catches farmer George Carson and his horses hilling potatoes, the staple crop of P.E.I.

Harness racing is P.E.I.'s big sport and the Charlottetown Park is a magnet for farmer enthusiasts. The track was dampened down after each race and this distressed Karsh who said that more dust would make better photographs. Willard Kelly, who was driving in this event, lost his lead by waving to Karsh.



YOUSUF KARSH had difficulty in thinking of Charlottetown, Canada's smallest capital, as a city at all. To him it seemed more like the business headquarters of some great million-acre farm, where life is measured and nobody hurries too much. Karsh was amused to find that he was rising before the traditionally early-rising farmers. "Charlottetown," he says, "is like a nice little home town. The living is comfortable and so are the people." He adds quite candidly that, like many rural communities, Charlottetown is also a bit self-centred.

Though he preferred to record his impressions in

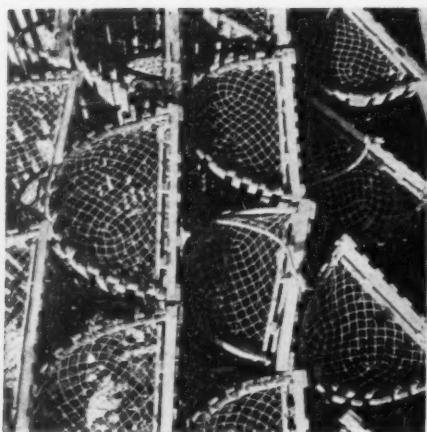
black and white, Charlottetown's Technicolor aspects delighted him—the red mud, the green grass, the very white sand, the very blue ocean. "It is the sort of place I would like to come back to for a long time."

In the photographs on these pages Karsh strove to capture the farm atmosphere of the island capital. Because of the flatness of the green little province he used a tripod almost as tall as a telephone pole and lugged around a king-size step ladder to match it. Then he set out through the quiet little roadways and lanes to record his pictorial impressions of a happy rural people at work and play.

Old Home Week was raging as Karsh arrived. At the cattle fair he was amused by this bashful bull.



The Sea and the Farm are Charlottetown's wealth



EMPTY NETS



FULL SACKS

Karsh missed the lobsters but had no trouble photographing the ubiquitous potato.

The City that's One Big Family

In Charlottetown, a farmer can walk into the
Premier's office, call him by his
first name and iron out problems, man to man



At a nearby beach he took photographs of Charlottetown girls at play before he swam in "Canada's warmest water."

THE INFORMAL office routine of Premier Walter Jones was a revelation to Karsh, who has long been used to the timetable atmosphere of official Ottawa. The Premier is "Walter" to everyone and farmers are in the habit of calling on him without an appointment to discuss one problem or another or simply pass the time of day. "Walter can fix anything," Mrs. James Macdonald from Dundas Centre told Karsh, while the others in the picture at right nodded in agreement. The whole atmos-

phere of the Premier's office seemed to be that of a big, rather hearty family gathering, and on the beaches and in the streets Karsh caught the same family feeling.

Karsh, who is a gourmet of some note, had never seen live lobsters before. To his immense discomfiture he photographed several red boiled lobsters which small boys were selling at the wharfside in the belief that they had just been taken from the sea.

Karsh felt that Charlottetown hospitality left little to be desired but he also found that the cuisine on Prince Edward Island was lamentable. He says he had the worst meal he's ever eaten in Canada at the hotel at which he stayed. Indeed, he says, one of the disappointments in his Canadian tour has been the general poor quality of the food. Perhaps the worst experience he had in Charlottetown was when a dish alleged to be Potato Florentine was set before him. Karsh simply buried his face in his hands at the fearful sight.

Later in Premier Jones' office Madame Karsh offered to write a pamphlet for Charlottetown's benefit entitled, *One Hundred Ways To Cook Potatoes*. Walter Jones stubbornly held his ground on this. "There's only one way that a potato was meant to be cooked," he informed her, "and that way is boiled."

Karsh's Charlottetown *continued*



In his office in Charlottetown, Walter Jones meets some of his vast "family."



Without appointment they walk in to discuss such problems as those of Mrs. James Macdonald (background) who is asking for a change in school-district boundaries.

Karsh's Charlottetown *continued*



Historic habits of life are maintained on the porch of the Charlottetown Hotel where the guests read their papers in the sun and the tempo of life moves no faster than it did in history-book days.

Historic home near Cavendish where Lucy Maud Montgomery was born is now summer home of her old friend Mrs. H. P. Found. On her hall stair Mrs. Found looks at a copy of *Anne of Green Gables*.



Historic doorway of the building where Confederation got its start is also a link with the past. Light falls on the flagstones worn down by feet of tenant farmers coming to pay rent in early days.



The City that's
**One big
History
Book**



Dr. Roderick Macdonald, ninety-four, still comes to the city to practice and remembers when he charged fifty cents for his calls and five dollars to deliver a baby.

**Canada's perennial classic,
Canada's oldest doctor
and Canada's past
rest with Canada's
smallest capital**

ONE OF THE best-known characters around Charlottetown is the spry nonagenarian in the portrait above. He is Dr. Roderick Macdonald, who lives in a little village outside the capital but still drives into the city when he has a local patient in the hospital there. He was already six years old when the Fathers of Confederation met in Charlottetown and welded the new Canadian nation. The oldest practicing doctor in Canada, he is still traveling by car in the summer and horse and cutter in the winter, delivering babies and visiting patients in three island hospitals, and hoeing his potatoes in his spare time. Karsh asked him for the secret of his longevity and the old doctor promptly answered "Buttermilk and potatoes." Karsh has since been drinking buttermilk.

If Macdonald is a link with history, so is the

Confederation building, shown in the photograph immediately to the left. It was here that the original Confederation meeting was held in 1864. Karsh was interested in the worn stone at the entrance to the hall. These ancient flagstones were worn down by the feet of tenant farmers who had to enter the building to pay rent to absentee landlords in the early days. More than three hundred thousand of Prince Edward Island's million acres were owned, in the old days, by the Cunard family.

Literary history was made on the island, too, when a motherly woman named Lucy Maud Montgomery wrote a book called *Anne of Green Gables*. Karsh visited the house near Cavendish where she was born, and here, in domestic atmosphere so typical of island life, he photographed her old friend reading the perennial Canadian classic. ★



Solo sax Marlene Johnson leads a rehearsal of the junior band while Mrs. Burbank wields a watchful baton.



During the First World War Maude Burbank and husband Arthur played a bewildering variety of instruments for Keith circuit's patrons.

MAUDE BURBANK AND HER MUSICAL MOPPETS

By IAN SCLANDERS

PHOTOS BY H. W. TETLOW

The Burbanks wowed the old-time vaudeville circuit by playing nearly every instrument but the zither. Now Maude has an even better act — two bands of Moncton youngsters who bring down the house everywhere



Mrs. Burbank waits at the door of her suburban home in Moncton, N.B., for a tardy band member. The array of bikes signifies that rehearsal is on.



Grant Richardson shows the list of fines that band members themselves have set up for offenders. Mrs. Burbank owns half of the instruments used.



Sometimes she gives private tuition. Her hands have won festival honors and high praise. They played for the Queen when she came to Moncton.

SILVER-HAIRED Maude Burbank's junior band from Moncton always puts on a fine show at the annual New Brunswick Music Festival. The most memorable performance of its thirty teen-age members was in 1949. Dressed in white trousers, white shirts, black-and-scarlet capes and jaunty berets, they responded to every flick of Mrs. Burbank's baton and went through their repertoire in a manner that caused a judge from Britain to say "this has been the sort of playing one hears from the best regimental bands in England."

When, on that historic occasion, Mrs. Burbank gave them the order to march off the stage only a diminutive trumpeter obeyed. His comrades stayed where they were. She repeated her order. Nothing happened. At this point, thoroughly flustered, she forgot she was standing beside an open microphone. "I'll paddle the whole bunch of you," she whispered angrily. "I'll paddle you until you can't sit down. I'll . . ."

The mike carried her words through the hall and people roared. Then the trumpeter reappeared with a bouquet of roses. With a flourish, he presented the flowers to Mrs. Burbank, who had to turn away from the crowd to hide the fact that she was weeping. Again, the microphone picked up her words. "The poor kids," she sobbed. "They brought me flowers—and I scolded them."

In the semidarkness of the auditorium there was a sudden silence, a fluttering of handkerchiefs dabbing moist eyes, and a thunder of hand-clapping and foot-stamping and cheering.

The applause—probably the loudest and longest in the history of the festival—was prompted partly by the incident on the platform, with its



Mrs. Burbank has a good income from real estate. Here Jeanette Le Blanc pays her rent while her sisters Doris and Bernadette wait patiently.

mixed quality of laughter and tears. But it was mainly a spontaneous tribute to a kindly and energetic woman who is crazy about kids and music and has developed a great deal of talent that might easily have gone unrecognized.

Mrs. Burbank, a seventy-one-year-old Moncton widow with a comfortable income from real-estate investments, directs two bands—a beginners' band and a junior band for those with more advanced training. This is her own private project and she devotes money and time to it without asking anybody for help.

Half the instruments the bands use belong to her. So do their black-and-scarlet capes, which she tailored herself from scores of yards of broadcloth and satin she bought from a store that was being closed up. Their practice room is a spacious loft above her garage in the yard of her modest but pleasant clapboard house on a quiet Moncton street.

She lives by herself and has never had a child of her own, but she has no chance to be lonely because children are constantly tracking through her home.

Boys beg for the privilege of doing her errands, shoveling her snow, mowing her lawn, and girls are eager to do her dishwashing and sweeping and dusting, for few youngsters meet tall blue-eyed Mrs. Burbank without falling under her spell.

They love to thumb through her scrapbook and listen to her stories of the days when she and her husband, Arthur Burbank, toured Canada and the United States in vaudeville. One item in the scrapbook is a description of their act which was published

Continued on page 58



Living alone, she rarely cooks. Mrs. Mildred McKay serves Moncton's Mrs. Music with a plate of lobster for dinner at The Folly, outside the city.



The band uniforms were made from material Mrs. Burbank bought and made up herself. She fits a cape on Margaret Marshall who plays the sax.



Canadian and U.S. buyers flock to the annual shorthorn sale at Little Current.



Wealthy Americans cruise up the lake to Manitoulin. Many own fine homes there.

THE EDEN ISLE OF EVIL SPIRITS

By DON DELAPLANTE

Photos by H. W. Tetlow



Abacus helps children learn to count at the Indian school at Wikicemikong, run by Sisters of St. Joseph.

MANITOULIN Island, eastern Canada's leading domicile of Indian gods and spirits, of wealthy Americans and of cattle breeders and turkey growers, sprawls off the mountainous north shore of Lake Huron like a huge segment adrift from a jigsaw puzzle. It is the largest freshwater island in the world, a potential oil field and, according to two thousand five hundred Indians on six reserves, the spot where the world was created.

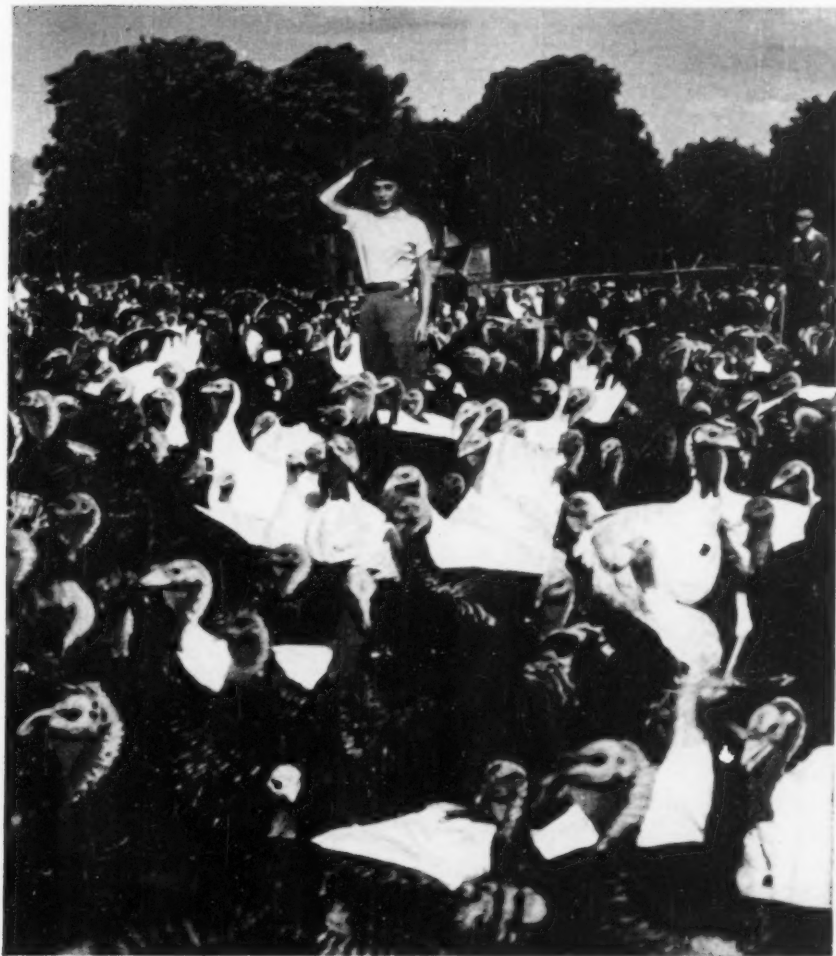
Indeed, with its majestic escarpment, splendid trees, jeweled lakes and magnificent endowment of wildlife, it looks an eminently suitable place for Creation to have occurred. It meanders along the coast of Lake Huron for one hundred miles, separated from the mainland by the sun-splashed North Channel, a busy avenue of protected waters plied by lake freighters, fishing boats, lumber tugs and millionaires' yachts. The shoreline is so tortuously indented that early explorers thought there was a series of islands, instead of one huge one. The wandering perimeter encompasses more than a thousand square miles of hardwood and evergreen bush, fertile farmland and one hundred and eight lakes within and above the Great Lake.

This fairest isle of the east has charm, mystery, great panoramic beauty and a vital spirituality

which supersensient visitors claim they can feel in the air. In short, it has a soul. And, strangely enough, its myth of Creation is getting some partial backstopping from the National Museum of Canada and the Museum of Anthropology of the University of Michigan.

Excavations of archaeological sites at Sheguiandah, on the island's east shore, and at Killarney, on the nearby mainland, date human habitation of the region back ten to seventeen thousand years into an era when clay pottery and birchbark canoes were still unknown. Professor Emerson F. Greenman, of Michigan, director of the Killarney research, and Tom Lee, National Museum archaeologist in charge at Sheguiandah, have uncovered clues which reveal that an early race of men moved into the Manitoulin area when the receding glacial-age ice sheet was still only fifty miles away and Lake Huron, its outlet still ice blocked, was one to two hundred feet deeper than today.

Manitoulin has an ethnic potpourri the like of which is seldom encountered anywhere. As a vacation resort it became virtually a U. S. possession when wealthy Americans discovered it by yacht and excursion steamer near the turn of the century, long before a bridge was built to the Canadian mainland at Little Current at



Lee Ashley stands among fifteen hundred gobblers at the Van Zandt turkey farm. From Ten Mile Point the waters of Georgian Bay provide Manitoulin's best view.



*Witches and Indian gods rub shoulders with wildcatters,
archaeologists, bass fishermen, Mike Pearson, Col. Bertie McCormick
and ten thousand haw eaters on majestic Manitoulin*

the island's northeast tip. Canadians ignore the place as a holiday resort, but that's all right with the local citizens, for the Americans are better-heeled anyway. Sample camp owners in the district: H. H. Timpken, roller bearing and axle tycoon; Powel Crosley, president of Crosley Motors and owner of the Cincinnati hall club; Commander E. F. McDonald, president of Zenith Radio; Branch Rickey, president of the Brooklyn Dodgers; Roy Fruehauf, trailer czar.

The permanent residents, who number about ten thousand, are a sturdy blue-eyed, long-limbed race who call themselves haw eaters, and who rank among the country's most prosperous farmers. Their annual cattle sale at Little Current is the largest one-day sale in Canada, and their fine plump turkeys are renowned throughout North America.

There was a time when "haw eater" was a term of derision used by visitors from the Bruce Peninsula. Today it's the proud badge of nativeship. Said a businessman who has been on the island for thirty years, when describing an argument with an employee: "The first thing he said to me was I wasn't one of them! I *wasn't* a haw eater!"

The islanders regard themselves as a race

apart. Insular in outlook as well as geography, until recent years they were characterized by a magnificent indifference to what went on in the rest of the world—except perhaps American Prohibition, when sundry island sailors were alerted to the splendid business opportunity provided by the transport of rum to U. S. ports. Even today only one family in ten reads a daily paper, though two lively weeklies, the Manitoulin Expositor, of Little Current, and the Recorder, of Gore Bay, blanket the island.

This disregard of world events, however, didn't stop the islanders helping to return the Minister for External Affairs, Lester B. Pearson, as member for Algoma East in 1949. The "Honorable Mike"—his soubriquet on the island—made as big a hit over the cracker barrels as at the UN, and in the past three years has almost established himself on a haw-eater footing. Now you can get an authoritative argument on world affairs anywhere between the village store at South Bay Mouth, on the east, to the Mississagi lighthouse, on the west.

Every now and then Pearson writes homey letters from Paris, Rome, London or New York, to Earl Davis, editor of the Recorder, who places them unobtrusively in the letters-to-the-editor column near the back of *Continued on page 30*



Grant Turner (left), Elmer Vincent and Ross Robinson check a new survey plan of expanding Little Current.



**EDWIN
BOYD**

From a petty fraud in Calgary the gang leader, thirty-eight, went on to bank robbery. He's behind bars for life now.



**LEONARD
JACKSON**

At seventeen he went overseas to fight, at thirty he was sentenced to die for the killing of a veteran Toronto cop.

WHAT THE BOYD GANG

BY ALLAN A. LAMPORT MAYOR OF TORONTO

AS TOLD TO ERIC HUTTON

Sitting-duck banks, lax laws, a sloppy penal system and glibble clergymen are the fiery mayor's targets as he assails the conditions that helped the Boyd gang terrorize his city and which could possibly lead to a new nationwide crime wave

THE NOTORIOUS Boyd gang is at last where it belongs. Edwin Alonzo Boyd, its leader, a defeated man with all bluster gone out of him, has pleaded guilty to a whole series of bank hold-ups and been sentenced to life imprisonment. Two of its members, Steve Suchan and Leonard Jackson, have been sentenced to death for murdering Sergeant of Detectives Edmund Tong, of Toronto. Four other members, Norman Boyd, William Jackson, Joseph Jackson and Allister Gibson, have been convicted of armed robbery.

Suchan and Leonard Jackson were brought to trial only after several Toronto and Montreal policemen risked their lives to capture them in shooting affrays in which more than two hundred bullets were exchanged. And, before the gang was finally dealt with, Suchan broke jail once and Edwin Boyd, Leonard Jackson and William Jackson broke jail twice. After these escapes they were soon carrying guns again and Leonard Jackson admitted in court that they had these guns for the purpose of "preventing recapture."

I am satisfied that justice has now been done. But, as mayor of the city which has spent more than a million dollars to put these desperadoes where they can do no more harm, I am not satisfied that justice has been done as swiftly, as safely and as economically as it should have been done.

I am not satisfied with the performance of such supposedly responsible institutions and individuals as banks, clergymen, prison officials and law administration in this life-and-death struggle against terrorism. I am proud of the way the police protected the complex thing called society, but I am ashamed of the way society protected the police. I think that shame and indignation can be shared by most other parts of Canada, for in most parts of Canada soft and lazy attitudes toward the professional criminal have become a pressing threat to our traditions as a law-abiding nation.

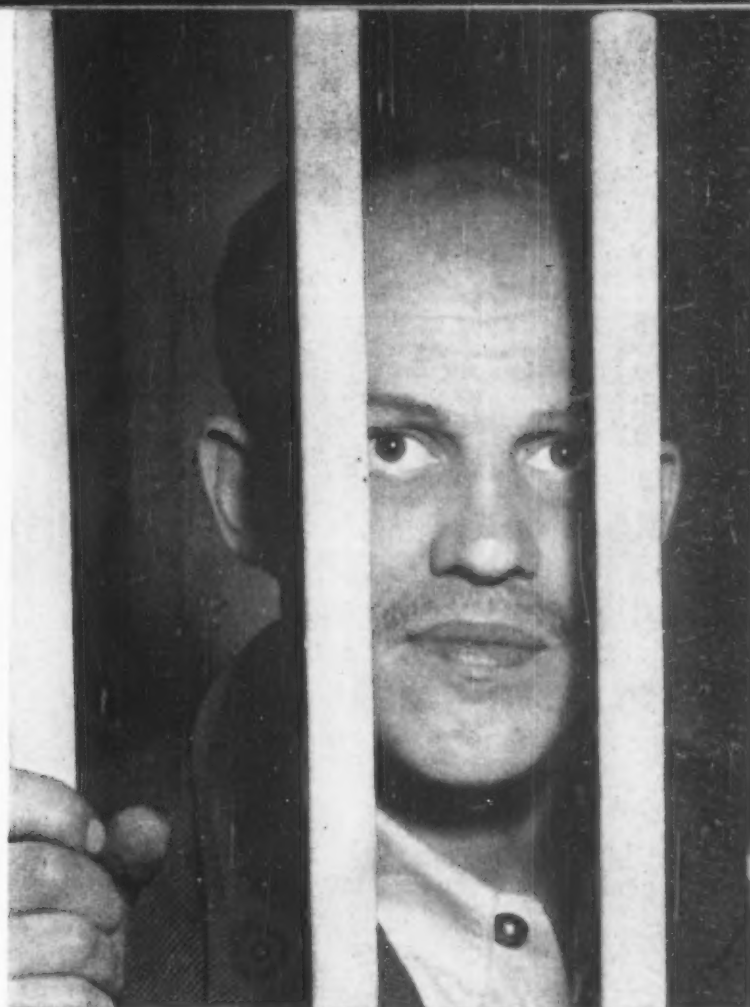
In the tense week of Sept. 8 to Sept. 16, when the Boyd mob was on the loose after Edwin Boyd broke from the Don Jail for the second time, accompanied by Suchan, Leonard Jackson and William Jackson, Toronto police finally did get real backing—an aroused public opinion. Such was the pressure of this public opinion, reflected in a sustained hue and cry in the newspapers, radio and television, that the fugitives were bottled up in an old barn on the outskirts of the city. Their pictures and descriptions had been published and televised and broadcast. They had become "too hot to handle." Gangdom couldn't rescue them. When police closed in, they were sick, hungry, dirty, beaten men.

I hope public opinion stays aroused long enough



**STEVE
SUCHAN**

Once he hoped to be a concert violinist but he traded his fiddle for a gun and now faces sentence of death for murder.



**WILLIAM
JACKSON**

Back in jail with twenty-seven years to serve, he was first in trouble as a boy. He broke jail twice with the Boyd gang.

FIASCO CAN TEACH US

to support me in demanding changes in the attitudes and practices that have let our police down. For, make no mistake, our police need and deserve all the protection they can get. Canadian communities, particularly the big cities, have arrived at the crossroads of their criminal history. Canadians must decide whether they are going to control crime or learn to live with crime.

Crimes like armed robbery have increased more than two hundred and fifty percent in the last two decades in Canada, and for an action picture of ourselves in five or ten years we can look at the United States.

Raymond Chandler, the mystery writer, explaining the enormous production of crime novels in the U. S., pointed out that this form of fiction was largely factual reporting "of a world in which gangsters almost rule cities, in which hotels and celebrated restaurants are owned by men who made their money out of brothels, and the nice man down the hall is the boss of the numbers racket; where the mayor of your town may have condoned murder as an instrument of money-making; where no man can walk down a dark street in safety because law and order are things we talk about but refrain from practicing . . . a world where you may witness a holdup in broad daylight and see who did it, but you will fade quickly into the crowd rather than tell anyone, because the holdup man may have friends with long guns, or the police may not like your testimony, and in any case the shyster for the defense will be allowed to vilify and abuse you in court without any but the most perfunctory interference from the judge."

Not many American cities have reached that

frightening state as yet. No Canadian city has reached it. But, when we look at some of the angles of the Boyd case, we don't dare say smugly, "It can't happen here." And we must realize that our police should be protected.

The most obvious protection they are entitled to is the elimination of opportunities for profitable crime. When men can walk into a bank, speak a few words to the staff, and walk out with forty-six thousand dollars in cash—as Boyd and a handful of henchmen did at the Royal Bank of Canada branch in Leaside, a Toronto suburb, on Nov. 30, 1951—then, believe me, there will always be those, willing to work for five minutes for that kind of money. They will be willing even though this work might involve carrying a loaded pistol and maybe having to shoot a policeman, a bank clerk or an innocent bystander.

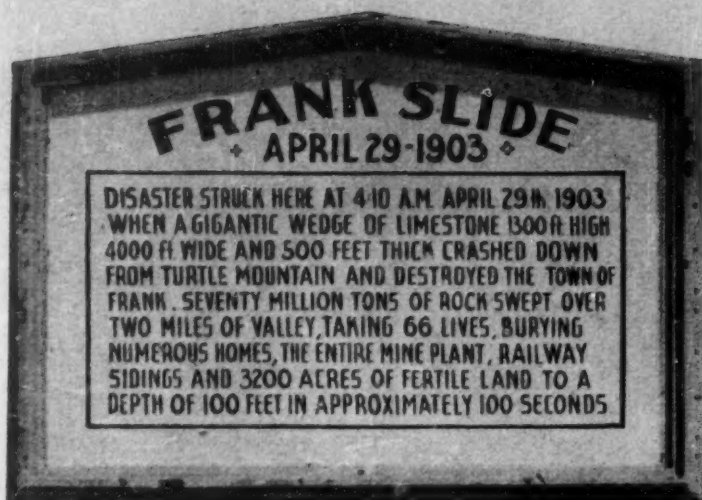
At the beginning of the most recent epidemic of bank robberies in Toronto and the surrounding district I earnestly asked the banks to take better precautions. When known bandits are at large, a place as vulnerable as a bank cries for an armed guard on constant duty. The banks' answer—and I consider it a cynical answer—was that it would cost too much to post guards. Then I got tougher. I threatened to take steps to confiscate money recovered by police from bank robbers, to help pay for the enormous cost of rounding up bandits. That brought yells of "you can't do that to us" from the bankers—but no discussion of the real problem, the tens of thousands of dollars lying around practically for the taking.

In one recent, seven-month period the banks in the Toronto area, which

Continued on page 46



Mayor Lamport in victorious mood after the gang was recaptured in a barn hideout without gunplay.



Official sign errs in stating that Frank was destroyed. Also, some people insist that more than a hundred died.

THE **SLIDE** **THAT** **SHOOK** **THE** **WEST**



Road and railway now cut through the desolation of the Frank Slide

In one hundred horrible seconds

seventy million tons

of Turtle Mountain

crashed into Crowsnest Pass,

cutting a mile-wide swathe

of death and destruction.

Now, fifty years later, geologists

warn that it can happen again

BY GEORGE A. YACKULIC

A Maclean's Flashback



but otherwise it looks the same today as it did the day it fell. The town of Frank was moved to safety.

AT 4.10 A.M. on April 29, 1903, a seventy-million-ton wedge of overhanging limestone broke away from the top of Turtle Mountain and crashed northeastward into the darkness of Crowsnest Pass in the Canadian Rockies. The rock shattered into an avalanche of massive boulders as it thundered three thousand feet down the mountainside and then spewed itself across the narrow valley and reared up the other side for more than five hundred feet.

For a hundred horrible seconds the valley, mountains and foothills for fifteen miles around Turtle Mountain shook. Jolted out of sleep and stunned by the shaking of the earth and the rumbling of a huge mountain falling apart, many disaster-toughened residents of the eastern section of Crowsnest Pass feared the world was coming to its end.

The scores of people in the mile-wide path of the slide—in the eastern and northern fringes of the new coal-mining town of Frank—had time only to awake before millions of tons of jagged rock hurtled down upon them.

At the same moment a crowded CPR passenger train, behind schedule in a snowstorm, was speeding along the pass to Frank. Only the heroic devotion to duty of a brakeman who flagged the flyer down prevented the slide from claiming hundreds more victims.

It was ten hours before the outside world received word of the disaster. A CPR telegrapher tapped out: "Earthquake almost destroyed town. Hundred killed. We are safe." And it was eight years before a comprehensive story of the Frank Slide could be pieced together.

The many conflicting versions of what happened in those fateful hundred seconds—for instance, the official death toll was sixty-six but some estimates reach more than one hundred—are now being retold as residents of the Rocky Mountain pass in southwestern Alberta and southeastern British Columbia prepare to mark the fiftieth anniversary of the slide with a memorial service next April 29. It is also being revived as the awesome sea of smashed rock yields more and more relics—an odd shoe, a railway tie, some horse bones.

Never over the past half century has there been unanimity over what caused Turtle Mountain to

go into a slide, how it broke apart or what it buried. Nor is there general agreement today among residents of the pass and geologists and mining engineers about whether Turtle Mountain is moving toward another slide, or about the direction in which it may tumble.

But there is no argument that within the hundred furious seconds of the Frank Slide of 1903 an avalanche of boulders bigger than the largest houses snuffed out the lives of scores of persons, smashed to smithereens an entire coal-mining plant, mile-long sections of two railways and a highway and part of a booming town and then buried its destruction with one of the ugliest scars to be found on this continent.

It entombed seventeen miners, and the story they had to tell after digging themselves out of Turtle Mountain remains an epic.

In those hundred seconds the brilliant future of the steam-coal mining centre of Frank faded and continuing fears about further slides were born.

Just An Old Indian Tale

Visible on a clear day for a hundred miles eastward, Turtle Mountain rises to 7,236 feet where the first settlement of 10th Siding was established in its shadows in November 1898, along the CPR's line through Crowsnest Pass. It rose so sharply for more than three thousand feet from the floor of the valley that on the longest summer day the sun could not be seen after three o'clock in the afternoon from the settlement which grew at its base. And near its peak was the overhanging slab of limestone ready to plunge down.

Both the Blackfeet and Crow Indians refused to camp near the base of the mountain because they believed the mountain had a habit of moving slowly like a turtle and one day would fall.

Unlike all other mountain masses in the Rockies, Turtle has the peculiarity of being a great block of limestone overthrust upon shale, sandstone and soft-coal beds, the whole mountain being an unusually weak mass of rock and the upper thrust lying almost perpendicular to the base. Geologists generally agree that the freakish mountain has "a very unstable base" and that small slides always have been a common occurrence.

Such features did not worry prospectors as they looked about for valuable coal deposits more than half a century ago. About 10th Siding high-quality steam coal appeared in out-croppings from Turtle Mountain and in 1900 the first prospecting was begun there by Sam W. Gebo, who had arrived from France. Then A. L. Frank came into the area from Butte, Mont., bought a large section of coal rights for his Canadian American Coal and Coke Company, and development of the coal in Turtle Mountain was begun.

With Frank as president of the company and Gebo its general manager, a coal-mining settlement grew up around 10th Siding in the wilderness of pine and fir. When the frontier community was incorporated as a town on Sept. 10, 1901, and renamed after the president of its coal company, it celebrated its christening with a lavish party of free meals, refreshments and dancing for the hundreds of visitors coming on special trains from Cranbrook, Macleod and Lethbridge.

The importance of the town was reflected as the christening splash was attended by Premier Frederick Haultain of the Northwest Territories (which then included what in 1905 became Alberta) and Clifford Sifton, Minister of the Interior in the Laurier administration.

Frank grew rapidly as its coal mine in Turtle Mountain extended inward and upward, producing more than a thousand tons of coal a day, but never enough to satisfy the mounting demands of CPR locomotives. A Scot named Alexander Leitch built a large store and soon there were three hotels. Mark Drumm began publishing the weekly Frank Sentinel, and the Union Bank of Canada established a branch with J. H. Farmer as manager. The Frank and Grassy Mountain Railway established a branch line to the mine's tippie plant.

The eyes of western Canada were upon Frank as the bustling and growing town went into 1903 with business buildings already filling two streets and the population spurring above six hundred.

Late in April the area enjoyed some springlike weather which flashed some warning signals from Turtle Mountain. But, after all, boulders had been tumbling down the mountain with every spring thaw. That overhanging *Continued on page 35*



Peter Scott feeds the Hawaiian Ne-ne geese which he saved with his painting.

THE WORLD'S MOST ARDENT BIRDWATCHER

BY MARJORIE EARL

The gifted son of Scott of the Antarctic will fly anywhere to gaze lovingly at rare wildfowl. And when he coveted some trumpeters for his own collection the Queen herself wheedled five from Canada



Scott (second from right) went deep into the far Canadian north to find the Ross's goose at home.

WHEN THE Queen visited Canada in 1951 she was presented, at her own request, with five trumpeter swans, the largest, rarest and most beautiful members of the swan family. The thousand birds left in Canada today—the world's total population except for a smaller colony in the U. S.—are carefully protected and only a queen could persuade their guardians to part with any of them.

Actually the Queen didn't want the swans at all. She was merely executing a commission for her friend and subject Peter Markham Scott, son of Scott of the Antarctic and director of England's Severn Wildfowl Trust which, thanks to her help, now has in its unique collection of wildfowl examples of every known species of swan.

Scott is an amiable easy-going man of forty-two who holds claim to the title of the world's most ardent lover of wild ducks, geese and swans. He is also an explorer, author, artist, broadcaster, aviator, Olympic yachtsman, champion figure skater and a naval hero with an MBE and two DSCs.

He has timed all these activities to the wingbeat of wildfowl. In his relentless pursuit of what he describes as "the loveliest of all wild creatures" he inherits the determination and singleness of purpose which drove his father to heroic death in his attempt to be the first man to reach the South Pole.

Peter Scott is of medium height and inclined to

be tubby. His guileless manner is emphasized by a boyish face adorned by a small turned-up nose. Beneath thinning sandy hair his forehead is creased by deep horizontal wrinkles caused by gazing up at skeins of geese. His favorite costume is corduroys, a sweater and crepe-soled shoes.

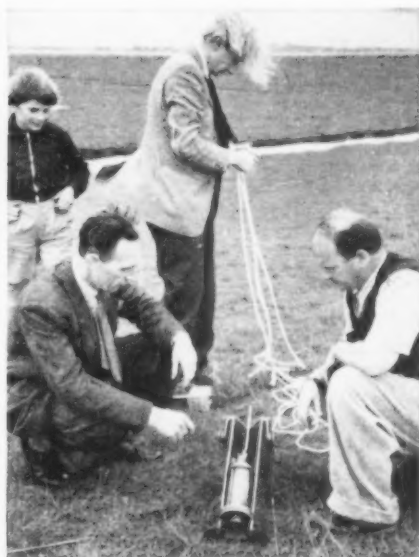
His whole life is dedicated to his birds. His comfortable income comes from talking about them, writing about them and painting them, and it goes to buy more of them and for new devices to make them comfortable. His pleasure is looking after them, worrying about them, showing them off and traveling to remote corners of the world to study them and collect new specimens.

He has written seven books, all but one of them about wildfowl. He has written hundreds of magazine articles, most of them dealing with birds. He is one of the most popular broadcasters in Britain and his subject is mainly birds. He lectures all over the country about his experiences collecting them. He is an artist of considerable merit, prolific output and wide popular appeal. His paintings of wildfowl fetch anything from four hundred to two thousand dollars each. He is a three-time winner of the Prince of Wales Cup for international fourteen-foot dinghy racing. He was once junior figure-skating champion of Britain and sports promoters singled him out for greater things. But he was too devoted to ducks to practice.

Scott is the inspiration for Paul Gallico's famous story, *The Snow Goose*. The hero of the story is a



Nicola, nine, and Dafila make up the Scott family. They live on the Severn Trust's property in Gloucestershire.



Scott (right) helps set up a rocket-fired net to snare migrating fowl over the fens.



Scott peeks through a duck blind. The stuffed fox is one of several decoys used at the Severn Trust.

hunchback who lives in a lonely lighthouse with a pet snow goose. A friend of Scott's once suggested that it might be actionable. "Since Paul is a friend of mine the only action I propose to take is to illustrate the book," Scott replied. "Besides, he had to make me a hunchback to keep me out of the war."

Scott was actually living in an old lighthouse on The Wash, in the east coast fens, when the war began in 1939. He sent his private collection of four hundred birds to friends and enlisted in the Navy. He immediately used his knowledge of wildfowling to advise the government on camouflage for the fifty old destroyers Britain received from the United States. The theory was that, to be nearly invisible against the sky, all surfaces should be pale and some should be dazzling white. This was based on the scheme Scott used to conceal his duck punt. It proved so successful in war that it was subsequently adopted in a modified form by all Allied shipping in the Atlantic and by some ships in other oceans.

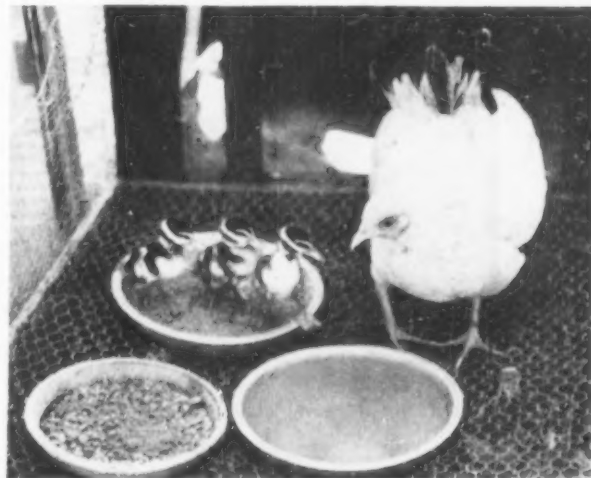
Scott came to Canada in the summer of 1949 to visit the Perry River region, seventy-five miles inside the Arctic circle between Hudson Bay and the Mackenzie delta. This was one of a series of similar excursions which have taken him twice each to Lapland and Iceland and once to the

Caspian Sea to collect specimens and observe wildfowl in their breeding grounds. For his two companions on the Canadian trip—Paul Queneau, a geologist with the International Nickel Company, and Harold Hanson, of the Illinois Natural History Survey—the project was coldly scientific. Scott went along to study the Ross's goose, whose nesting colonies were reported for the first time in 1938 by Angus Gavin, a Hudson's Bay Company factor stationed near Perry River. The total population of this goose is now estimated at about five thousand and, by adding to the general knowledge of the bird and its habits, Scott hoped to help preserve it.

The trio set up camp on a windswept knoll fourteen miles from the mouth of Perry River. They then set in to do battle with the Arctic weather. It rained heavily, the wind howled at thirty miles an hour, the rain turned to snow and the army tent in which they slept started to leak like a sieve. Yet Scott wrote most of a two-hundred-and-forty-page book, and also did hundreds of paintings and drawings, while huddled in a sleeping bag with gloves on.

"I awakened at six," he wrote at one point, "when the guy ropes of the tent gave way and the soggy canvas enveloped my head." To try to stop the tent from leaking

Continued on page 39



A bantam hen mothers a trio of red-billed tree ducks. Bantams are often used as foster mothers.



The Queen and Prince Philip admire the trumpeter swans which she took back to England as souvenirs of her tour of Canada. Scott, whose mother was a royal sculptor, has painted Elizabeth and Margaret.



In his studio at Slimbridge Peter Scott paints another of the canvases which bring him renown.



ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN SAYS:

You can't stop a woman crying

To be truthful,
Bob doesn't even know what starts them crying.
And, anyway, your wife's tears
are one thing you can really afford

ONE TIME, right after I was married, I took my wife to a show, and during a scene where Margaret O'Brien was dying, in Technicolor, I heard sounds beside me as if someone were eating an orange. I remember turning around happily and saying: "Say, that's a good idea. I'm just starving. If you've got another one I'll just peel it while that little monster dies. Taking her long enough, isn't it?"

My wife looked at me through swimming eyes, uttered a low moan, got up and left.

That wasn't the last time a woman's habit of crying has left me with a smile stuck sideways on my face. It always happens when I get into an argument at home. Every time I'm just closing in on a rather shrewd line of reasoning, ready to make my last keen, subtle, rapierlike thrust of logic, my ears back, my teeth bared and my eyes half-closed, I'll notice that my wife is sobbing. Not only that, both my daughters will be standing on either side of her, like a tableau of a pioneer family about to be scalped. They'll all be crying.

"Look, wassa matter?" I'll say, opening my eyes. "What'd I say?"

They'll all bite their lips and run from the room, leaving me terribly alone.

It's a female habit that my daughters are picking up fast. They'll sneer at me, burst out laughing when I try to kick them, murmur something about "fat man," and defy me with flushed faces and flashing eyes, until I let out a bellow like a wounded sladang, grab for a yardstick still screaming what I think of them. I'll notice a strange silence, and look up to see both my daughters standing with their backs to me, and my wife signaling frantically and shaking her head, as if I'm going to choose the wrong walnut. Everybody'll be crying. So I find myself going around apologizing and promising double custard dandies if they'll just speak to me again.

I've learned, of course, the hard way, that women cry not just because they're sad. They burst into tears when a man would simply

get plastered, go out for a game of pool or just go around with his tie unloosened, juggling change in his pocket.

I worked with a girl one time who every other morning regularly used to appear at my office doorway, throw her purse at me, burst out crying and go down to the coffee shop. She could cry in three sharps and six flats, without taking her eyes off me. She was just bored, and finally married a tenor man in Guy Lombardo's band.

When I was teaching my wife to drive she would tell me, through tears, that she had six proposals before she met me, every time I told her that she was still in low gear.

Crying, combined with a woman's other weapon, silence, is the most devastating thing since the invention of hot tar and scythed chariots. One guy I know told me he turned to his wife one night and said, "Hey, Lil, listen to this," and read an item out of the evening paper about an old friend of theirs who had been chosen the Mister Christian Motorist of 1952. His wife burst out crying. The poor guy followed her around saying, "Look, wassa matter, kid? Did I forget our anniversary or something? You gotta new hairdo? Did I walk over a floor you waxed or something?"

She'd turn from looking out the window at the moon, look at him through large moist eyes, then suddenly bite her knuckle and run up to the bedroom and lock herself in. She did this for three days, until the poor guy got so nervous he started taking aspirins and practicing yoga and eventually went to a psychiatrist. He finally found out what the trouble was. His wife had read the whole item from the paper to him just five minutes before he'd read it to her.

All in all, a woman's tears are something a man just has to get used to, like stockings over the bathtub. And one of the first things he has to learn is not to try to console a crying woman. Many a man carries teeth marks in his arm for the rest of his life that way. The thing to do when a woman wants to cry is just to let her cry.

Anyway, if you're like most husbands, it's one of the few things she really enjoys that you can afford. ★

DRAWING BY DUNCAN MACPHERSON

Here's how to get close shaves, electrically!

Just like a comb, the New Schick "20's" exclusive Bevelled Comb Edges guide whiskers into perfect position for skin-line shaving.

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Note their Bevelled Comb Edges. No other make electric shaver has them—yet they're the secret of truly *close* shaves!

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And what expertly honed steel then takes over! Microscopically adjusted, driven by the world's mightiest rotary motor of its size, it breezes through the toughest tangle—like *that*!

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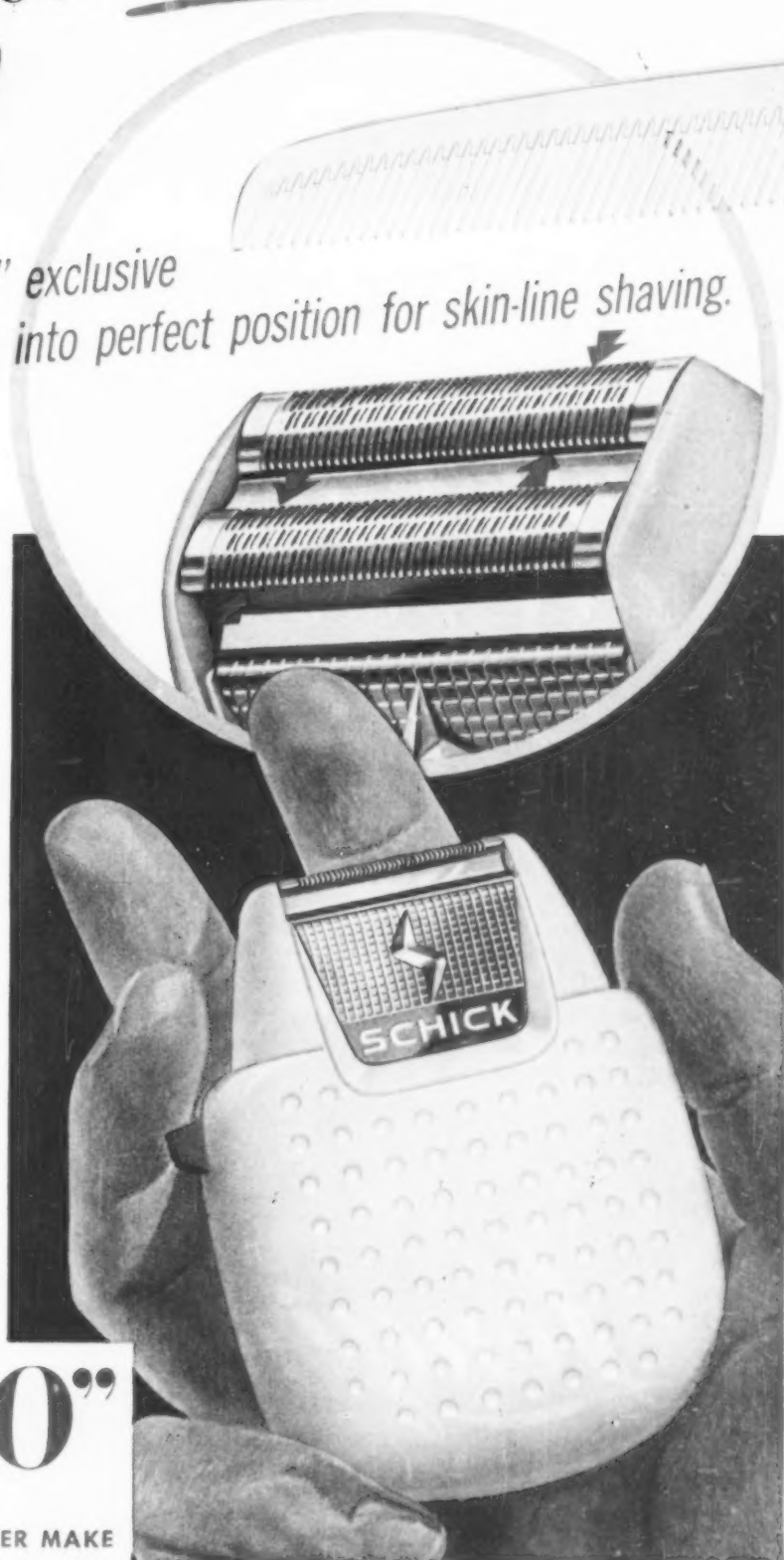
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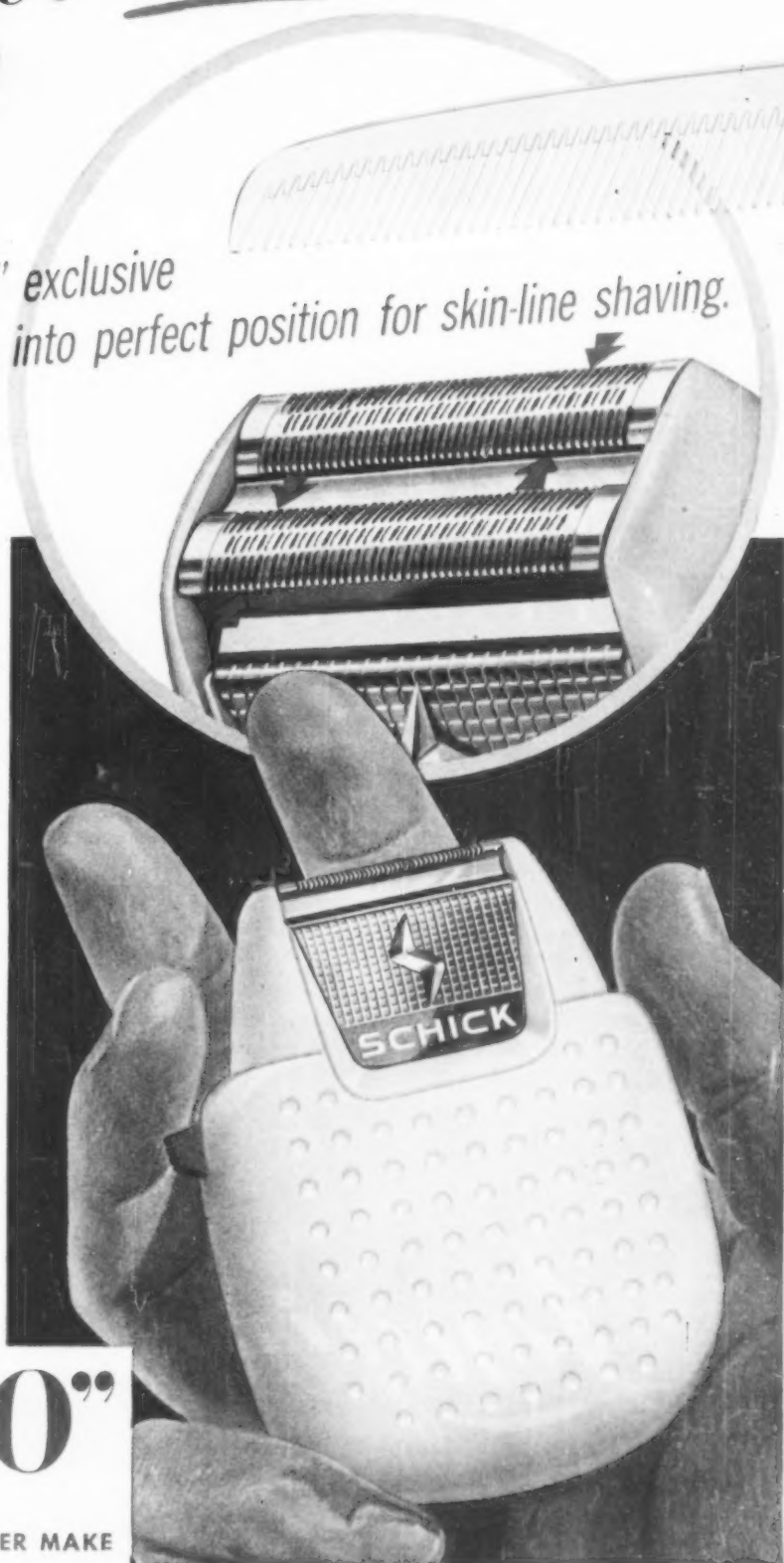
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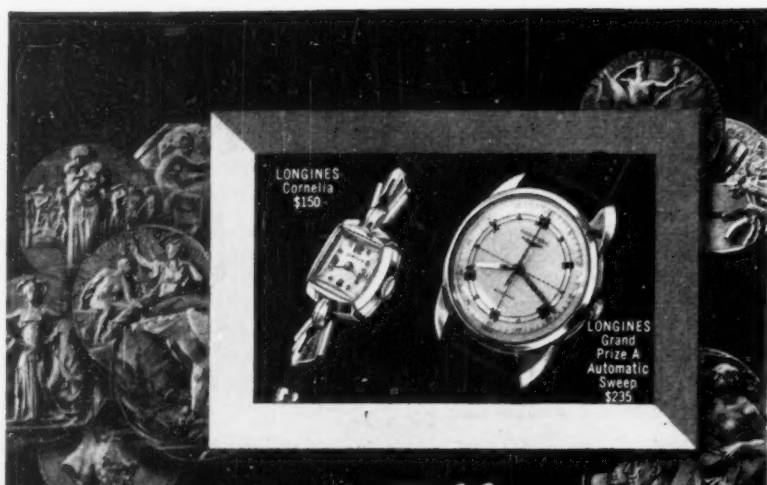
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LONGINES
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Automatic
Sweep
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LONGINES WITTAUER
Watches
SWISS MADE

WITTAUER
Gold Medal Lucille
\$75

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Colonel
Automatic Sweep
\$85

*Suggested retail prices

WINNER OF 10 WORLD'S FAIR GRAND PRIZES, 28 GOLD MEDALS

Macleau's MOVIES

CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



BECAUSE OF YOU: Like a rather smooth tearjerker lifted right out of the pages of a "confession" magazine, this is a yarn about a hectic romance between a moody ex-pilot (Jeff Chandler) and a fawn-eyed ex-convict (Loretta Young). My reaction: ho-hum.

BECAUSE YOU'RE MINE: An idolized operatic tenor (Mario Lanza) is drafted into the U. S. army and is protected by a music-loving sergeant (James Whitmore). The sarge has a pretty soprano sister (Doretta Morrow). The results are corny but cheerful, with a full quota of Lanza's penetrating top Cs.

THE DEVIL MAKES THREE: Unless you insist on having Gene Kelly dance in every movie he makes, you may find this one quietly enjoyable—as I did—in the field of modern cloak-and-dagger adventure. Mr. K. appears as an American officer who uncovers a new Nazi movement in Hitler's old haunts. Fine on-the-spot photography.

FEARLESS FAGAN: Some of Hollywood's "animal" comedies have been dismal enterprises, but this one is simple, unforced, and funny. It tells of a gentle soldier (Carleton Carpenter) who sneaks his pet lion along into the army.

JUST FOR YOU: Bing Crosby as a big Broadway showman who decides to win back the devotion of his neglected teen-age children. The characterizations are paper-thin and the direction is often sluggish, but this Technicolor musical has some lively songs and dances. Ethel Barrymore and Jane Wyman are helpful, too.

LIMELIGHT: Charles Chaplin's first production since 1947's bitter and puzzling *Monsieur Verdoux*. In spite of some overlong sequences and a draggy start, it blends laughter and tears magnificently and no real film fan should think of missing it. Chaplin's role (besides those of writer, director, composer) is that of a faded music-hall clown who innocently adopts and in-

spires a lovely little ballerina (Claire Bloom).

THE MERRY WIDOW: Stunning to look at in exceptionally good Technicolor, this is nonetheless a rather heavy-handed treatment of the familiar Lehar operetta. With Lana Turner, Fernando Lamas.

O. HENRY'S FULL HOUSE: There are now only four O. Henry tales in this entertaining parcel, instead of the original five. The title thus may puzzle poker players, but it doesn't hurt the movie. Best sequence: Charles Laughton as a repentant drifter.

THE SNOWS OF KILIMANJARO: Considerably enlarged for screen purposes, this is a handsome Hollywood version of the Hemingway story, and even the corn is rich and photogenic. Three loves hath hunter-author Gregory Peck, and one of them is Ava Gardner.

THE STORY OF MANDY: Tenderness and pity, never cheapened by mawkish sentimentality, permeate this British drama about a deaf child who has to be taught how to speak. Some of the bickering between her parents is a little tedious, but not enough to spoil an otherwise touching and lovely movie.

THE THIEF: A superficial but interesting spy melodrama, notable for a total absence of dialogue — although the sound track has plenty of music and natural "effects." Ray Milland expertly depicts a disloyal atomic scientist, and Rita Gam appears briefly but memorably as a temptress who distracts him.

THIS IS CINERAMA: The debut of an exciting new form of third-dimensional films. Not yet available in Canada.

WHAT PRICE GLORY?: A thunderous but rather tired and silly semimusical remake of the well-remembered World War I classic. James Cagney and Dan Dailey are the brawling army buddies, and Corinne Calvet is the *mademoiselle* who adores 'em both.

GILMOUR RATES

Affair in Trinidad: Drama. Fair.
African Queen: Adventure. Excellent.
All Because of Sally: Comedy. Fair.
Big Jim McLain: Spy drama. Fair.
Captive City: Crime drama. Good.
Carrie: Tragic drama. Good.
Cry, the Beloved Country: African tragic drama. Good.
Curtain Call: British comedy. Fair.
Diplomatic Courier: Spies. Fair.
Dreamboat: Satiric comedy. Good.
5 Fingers: Spy drama. Excellent.
4 in a Jeep: Vienna drama. Good.
Girl in White: Medical drama. Fair.
Has Anybody Seen My Gal?: Domestic comedy of 1920s. Good.
Hawks in the Sun: Air war. Good.
High Noon: Western. Excellent.
I Believe in You: Drama. Good.
Importance of Being Earnest: Oscar Wilde comedy. Excellent.
Island of Desire: Tropic drama. Poor.
King Kong: Fantasy (reissue). Good.
The Lady With a Lamp: Biography of Florence Nightingale. Fair.
Lovely to Look At: Musical. Fair.
The Magic Box: Drama. Good.

Mara Maru: Sea melodrama. Poor.
Narrow Margin: Suspense. Excellent.
Outcast of the Islands: Drama. Good.
Pat and Mike: Comedy. Excellent.
Paula: Drama. Fair.
The Promoter: British comedy. Good.
The Quiet Man: Irish comedy. Good.
Rancho Notorious: Western. Fair.
Robin Hood: Adventure. Good.
San Francisco Story: Drama. Fair.
Scandal in the Village: Drama. Fair.
Scaramouche: Costume drama. Good.
Secret People: British drama. Fair.
The Sniper: Suspense. Excellent.
Somebody Loves Me: Musical. Good.
Something Money Can't Buy: British comedy-drama. Good.
Son of Paleface: Bob Hope. Good.
Sudden Fear: Suspense drama. Fair.
Tom Brown's School Days: British campus drama. Good.
Tomorrow Is Too Late: Drama. Fair.
We're Not Married: Comedy. Good.
Where's Charley?: Musical. Fair.
Winning Team: Baseball drama. Fair.
Yankee Buccaneer: Adventure. Fair.
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The "Golden Beauty" Case \$3.95
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71/86 Ladies' Set \$10.00

Lavender Bath Salts, Lavender Talcum Powder, English Complexion Cream, Lavender Compressed Blossoms Sachet, English Lavender, Complexion Powder and 3 tablets of Lavender Toilet Soap.

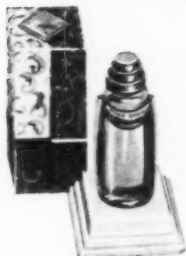


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English Complexion Powder, Make-up Base, Cream Rouge, Lipstick, Night Cream, Dry Skin Cleansing Cream, Toning Lotion and Complexion Milk.

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of me...now and
through the year.*



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A fragrance that pays tribute to her charm.
\$8.50 - \$5.00 - \$3.00

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YARDLEY
ALWAYS A REFLECTION OF YOUR
OWN GOOD TASTE



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After Shaving Lotion, Shaving Bowl and After Shower Powder.



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After Shaving Lotion, Shaving Bowl, Hair Tonic, After Shower Powder and 2 tablets of Lavender Toilet Soap.



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Motor Rythm in the oil keeps a fine, permanent film over all moving parts—guarantees fast, friction-free starts first touch of the starter.

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The Eden Isle

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

the weekly. In one, Pearson said Andrei Gromyko "didn't have his heart in his work" during the Japanese peace treaty negotiations at San Francisco. He also described how Queen Elizabeth had helped him through the steps of a square dance at Rideau Hall, Ottawa, during her tour of Canada.

Third element in the population, the Indians, lends the island that exotic touch which captivates the visitor. British authorities once designated Manitoulin as the national home of the Canadian Indian and tried to get all Indians in Canada to move there. There emerged at that time one of history's most ubiquitous native figures, the renowned Assinick of the Golden Tongue, a strapping chieftain noted for the fact he could orate without stop from sunrise to sunset. He put across the deal which permitted white settlers on the island. Some local historians claim that two treaties written on the island the first to get the Indians there, and the second to turn the island over to the white man—form an object lesson on how to fleece an aboriginal people. The long-winded Assinick figured in both deals and was rewarded by having a white man's township named after him at the east end of the island.

Not all the Indians took the bait, however, and there exists on a peninsula of one hundred and ten thousand acres at the east end of the island the great Manitoulin Unceded Reserve which is entirely the property of eighteen hundred inhabitants. They have perhaps the most prosperous—and certainly the prettiest—reserve in the east. Its deer population is fabulous.

The Ojibway and Ottawa ancestors of Manitoulin's Indians combined sorcery, which led to murderous violence, and charming legends of great romantic beauty. Formally, all of the natives today are Christians, yet the conviction that Manitoulin (Home of the Great Spirit) is hallowed among the places of the world has been found impossible to eradicate.

In 1945 one of the most fantastic killings in America revived the frightening side of the island's supernaturalism. This was the rifle slaying of Alec Nahwegizik by his son Jim on the Sheguandah Reserve, after son accused his father and his mother, Harriet, of casting the dreaded spell of the Bearwalk upon him (Maclean's, Aug. 1, 1950). And in November 1951 at Gore Bay the curse was uncovered as a major factor in the murder trial of Frank Debassige, accused of slaying Levi Bob, after Bob charged that Debassige's mother and sister were witches who had used the evil enchantment to kill Bob's brother. After eight hours' deliberation a jury found Debassige not guilty.

The Bearwalk, most feared of Indian hexes, condemns the accursed person to death, as surely and much more terribly than the stroke of a knife, many Indians believe. Its prelude is disease and madness. Tradition says that a witch, banished from the tribe long ago, imprecated those who cast her out and caused a bear to visit the encampment at night and carry away the children. Today the spirit can manifest itself in the form of any animal, wild or domestic. It can be summoned only by a person in league with hostile devils, who spits a secret herbal mixture on the path of the accursed, the Indians say.

These ferocious manifestations of paganism are offset by the charm of the bulk of the legendary inheritance

of the natives. Nanniboozho, Indian creator of the world, has a curious parallel with John the Baptist. Nanniboozho was merely a demi-god and he created the world as a dwelling place for one greater than he—the Gitchi Manitou. He got this started by shaping a ball of mud, which he set in spiral motion. Then he stayed around for a while to inform the Indians about Gitchi Manitou, departing at last for the Land of Souls in the sky. Red sunsets and the Northern Lights are reminders to the natives he still watches over the island.

In the Indian mind the Gitchi Manitou is a savage omnipotent being, with a lust for blood and young wives. He rules a hierarchy of lesser spirits with an iron hand. Human sacrifice used to be made to him at the foot of a great limestone cliff at West Bay, nineteen miles west of Little Current. Manitou dwelt with his wives at the summit, which towers five hundred and forty feet above lake level, while the hapless victims were slain at the base. Many Indians are still leery about visiting the cliff.

It's against this bizarre background that the islanders do their farming and sailing and the Americans fish what they claim are the best bass waters in the world. Little Current, population fourteen hundred, is the island's largest town and its unofficial capital, though Gore Bay, forty miles west (population 700), is the judicial seat. Manitowaning village, nineteen miles southeast of Little Current, was the site of the first white settlement in 1838. Today it is

UNINVITING

That party of yours, I view it
With unalloyed dismay—
I must drag my husband to it
And later drag him away!

MAY RICHSTONE

headquarters for Indian agent Ross Johnston, a wise-eyed native son who exercises a wide and intelligent influence among his charges. The RCMP has a detachment there and there's a small Indian hospital, too. In Indian, Manitowaning means Den of the Spirit. The Indians say that Gitchi Manitou had a tunnel from Manitowaning Bay to South Bay, three miles distant, to avoid making an arduous portage between the north and south sides of the island.

It's in this area, and in the Unceded Reserve just to the east, that a hunt for oil has been going on since 1862, four years after it was discovered at Titusville, Pa. The stampede started when someone noticed that two mineral springs were mentioned in the Jesuit Relations concerning early mission work on the island. That rush didn't uncover much, nor did two others later, but drilling continues sporadically today, and many islanders think all of them will get rich one day out of oil.

One well was brought in at the rate of four or five barrels a day, then water seepage interrupted the flow. One crew of drillers abandoned their equipment and fled when Indians on the warpath descended on their camp after a driller got frisky with a native woman. But crude so far found on Manitoulin has been of excellent grade, with little sulphur content.

Picturesque Little Current is claimed to be the busiest port, per capita, on the Great Lakes. The town nestles in a valley where the North Channel is only twelve hundred feet wide, its narrowest point. During July the half

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Make yours a "Look-Alike" family Christmas this year. Give matching Stanfield's Balbriggans, knit and finished to resist shrinking, sagging, stretching. For women and girls — for men and boys . . . sizes for the whole family!

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THE BEST DOG'S PLATTERFUL ON EARTH!

Gaines Meal nourishes *every inch* of your dog



WATCH your dog wallop into Gaines — the *completely balanced* dog meal! See how regular Gaines feedings keep your dog *perfectly happy*... in *wonderful health*... so he's more fun for you!

Each pound of Gaines Meal contains:



for strength — proteins as in 1½ lbs. beef.



for energy — carbohydrates as in 2 qts. cooked oatmeal.



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Plenty of MEAT MEAL!

GAINES COSTS LESS TO FEED

than any other type of dog food! A 5-lb. bag of Gaines makes 10 to 12 lbs. of ready-to-eat dog food. *All you do is add water!*

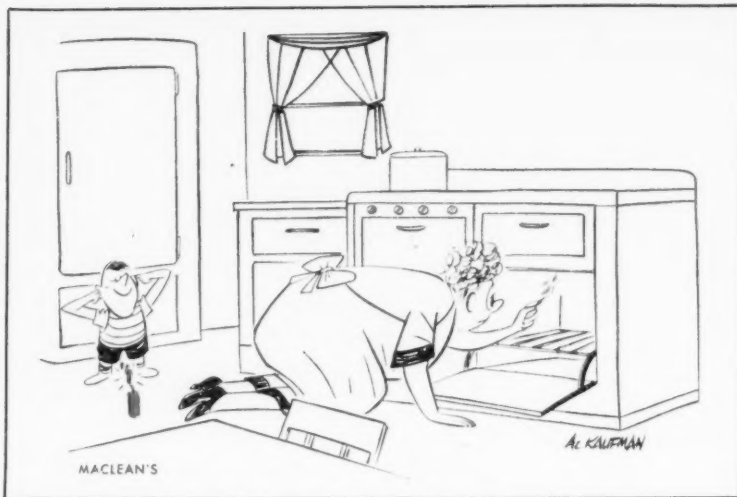
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"Nourish every inch of your dog"



mile of waterfront is packed with yachts, tall-sailed racers and snub-nosed diesel craft. Following the Port Huron-Mackinac Island Race and the Chicago-Mackinac Island Race, as many as thirty are moored at once, as yachtsmen cruise before going home. Big freighters unload coal at the CPR docks opposite the town, depositing three quarters of a million tons there each summer for smelters in the Sudbury nickel area. Here the waters of Georgian Bay meet those of Lake Huron and a current, sometimes as fast as seven miles an hour, alternates back and forth, according to prevailing winds. Hence the town's name.

A unique swing bridge, which carries both trains and autos along a single traffic lane, connects with the mainland. Built in 1914 for train traffic it was paved for cars in 1945. When the stoplights at the ends of the bridge flare red, a motorist cranes his neck to see whether it's a lake freighter which has precedence or a train from Sudbury.

Grant Turner, a Progressive Conservative who opposed Mike Pearson in the last federal election, is proprietor of the island's largest store, owner of its largest telephone system and official greeter of visiting sailors. His grandfather, Isaac, built a store in competition with a Hudson's Bay Company post in 1879. His father, Byron, founded the telephone company in 1892. Grant is a quiet-spoken man who foresees the day when the town will become a shipbuilding centre, and perhaps a base for grain elevators. That's because the port is open all winter.

Although the number of Americans on the island swells to about twelve thousand in midsummer, the islanders don't take kindly to promoters who grasp Manitoulin's immense tourist possibilities and build lavish establishments. The islanders reason that sort of thing should be reserved for them.

Some of the one hundred and fifty resorts are open far into the autumn, for Manitoulin offers some of the finest deer hunting in the east. About seventeen hundred animals are bagged each fall. During the rest of the year they're a traffic hazard on the island roads. Last year Mayor Frank Priddle of Gore Bay declared a public holiday on the third day of the hunt to permit townspeople to hustle out for their deer before the visitors made it difficult. But it's an open secret that many Manitoulinites have their deer shot and hanging in the trees before the season opens, and are only waiting for the opening before appearing in public with them. Officials at the Ontario Lands and Forests head office at Sudbury regard nabbing an islander with an illegal deer as quite a feat. The clannishness of the people makes infor-

mation almost impossible to obtain; alerts concerning the whereabouts of the game warden are said to flash regularly along the rural telephone lines.

The industrious island farmers have created several co-operatives which are outstanding in Canada. Largest of these is the livestock co-op which stages the annual cattle sale on a plateau above the town of Little Current. Hundreds of buyers from eastern Canada and the U. S. flock there each September to grab up carload lots of fine shorthorns. Last year 2,543 head sold for \$681,502.61. However, this is only a fraction of the island's annual income from the sale of beef.

Some of the farms are immense by eastern standards, running to more than a thousand acres. For a week before the sale the roads to Little Current are blocked with the plump beasts as white and Indian farmers drive them to the pens.

The Turkey Growers' Association markets about twenty thousand birds a year, generally passing up Thanksgiving to bring flocks to peak for Christmas. It's estimated that the average weight per bird has been increased two pounds in recent years by scientific farming. Eight co-operative packing depots are maintained.

The epitome of a good time for an islander is a turkey supper followed by a hoedown. Largest of these annual affairs is at Silverwater, near the west end of the island. Last year six hundred and seventy pounds of turkey were eaten at one sitting. Then the grandmothers sat on the sidelines with the infants on their knees as fathers and mothers danced till early in the morning.

Another major social event is the annual Sailors' Ball at Gore Bay. Most of the male population has at one time or another served a stint on a pleasure boat, a fishing smack, a freighter or a tug. The rafters rattle in the community hall when the ball gets into full swing.

An enthusiastic drama league has been functioning at Little Current, Manitowaning, Gore Bay and Minde-moya for the past three years. This year a two-day festival drew seven hundred and fifty people. Next year it will be a three-day affair.

Samuel de Champlain was the first white man to learn of Manitoulin, when he encountered Indians from there picking blueberries at the mouth of the French River in 1615. He dubbed them Cheveux Relevés because they did their hair up in a manner "more elegant than the gentlemen of Paris." The men went completely naked while the women compromised



'Twas the night before Christmas
and all through the town,
The FRIGIDAIRE trucks
sped through streets, up and down.

Mrs. Jones gets a range
with convenience supreme
For its new "Wonder Oven"
fits any cook's dream.

With two ovens in one
it will bake — it will broil
And do both things at once
to save time and save toil.

To the Murphys, from Santa
with the aid of his elves,
Goes a new Cycla-matic
with holl-to-You shelves.

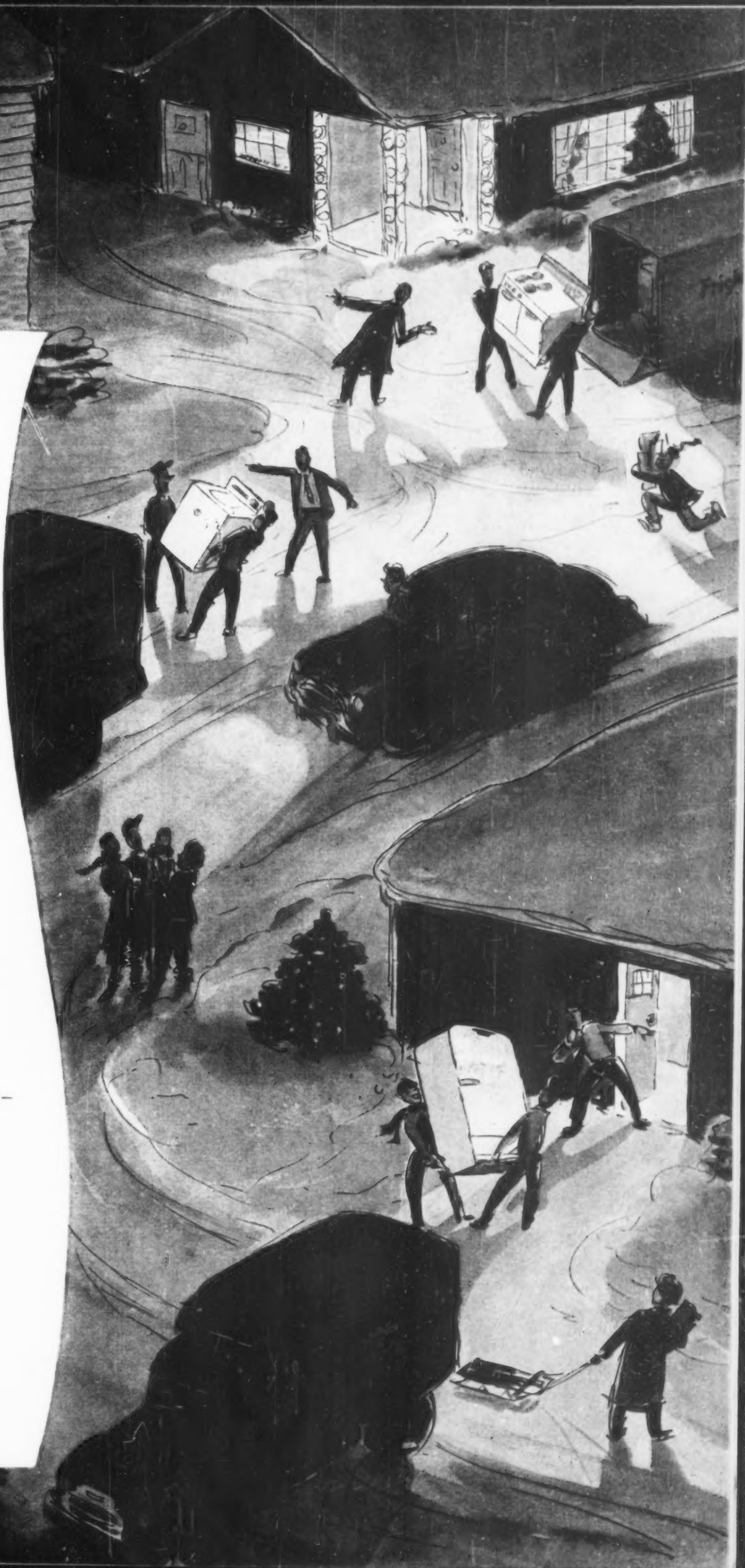
This modern refrigerator
and food freezer combined,
Has new self-defrosting
you never need mind.

To the Smiths goes a washer
so shiny and new,
Gets their clothes clean and bright —
automatically, too!

Other homes get a freezer
or electric clothes dryer,
As still other husbands
with Santa conspire.

And from all of these houses
this shout fills the air:
"Merry Christmas to all —
we've a new FRIGIDAIRE!"

*P. S. If you haven't solved your gift problem
see your Frigidaire Dealer today.*



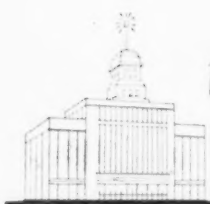


"All he needs is a start"

Just as your child needs a start in learning to walk, so he needs a start in learning the value of accumulation and protection in life. Last year many Canadian parents started this life-long lesson through confidence in Canada Life. Why not see your Canada Life man and do likewise?



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with a sort of G-string. Champlain thought they were cannibals, though they didn't seem good warriors. He may have met the Pikes, a sub-group of that era, much inferior to the Ottawas on the island.

The Iroquois raided the island in 1652 and the Manitoulin Indians fled, some to Michigan, some to the head of the lakes and others all the way to the Mississippi Valley. The Pikes were the only ones to return when the Iroquois went home. Father Joseph André wrote in the Jesuit Relations that he was forced to eat his moccasins and the leather bindings off his books when the Pikes refused to give him anything to eat one winter about 1700.

For the next hundred and twenty-five years the island's history is a curious blank. The natives say it became populated with evil spirits and the Pikes burned it end to end to disperse them, either with intent or by mistake.

No one was living there when Father Proulx led a migration of Ottawas from Michigan in 1825. These Indians had fought on the British side in the war of 1812 and were harried from their homes by vengeful American settlers. Then, about 1830, British authorities, eager to clear the Indians out of Upper Canada to make way for white settlers, thought of selling the natives the idea of making Manitoulin their national home. Some fifteen hundred Indians, spurred by the eloquence of Assiginack, agreed to the proposal at a meeting on the island in 1836. Later Governor Sir Francis Bond Head journeyed as far as the western plains urging the natives there to go to Manitoulin also. He offered education and training in the white man's arts for all.

The colony failed miserably, though a Jesuit mission thrived. It became apparent to the bureaucrats of the day that the fertile island was far too good a farmland to be wasted on Indians. So, with the help of Assiginack, now hoary with age, the whites made a deal to buy the island in 1862. The price was seven hundred dollars in cash. Each native was permitted to have one hundred acres, provided his plot adjoined that of another Indian and wasn't on a stream where a white man might want to build a mill.

Assiginack's golden words didn't work with the Indians at the Roman Catholic mission. Counseled by the Jesuits, they turned down the proposal, then chased away some settlers who tried to establish near their reserve. A band of armed men was sent from Toronto to put down the revolt. They captured a chief named Sawamakoo and tried to handcuff a Jesuit who intervened. This brought a mass attack from the natives, but a truce was established before anybody got hurt. Thereafter the island was settled without incident.

Though Manitoulin's timber is second growth and small in places, the Ontario Paper Company (owned by Col. McCormick's Chicago Tribune) bought large tracts at the west end and on nearby Cockburn Island a few years ago. An active reforestation program is under way. The company grows young trees in a nursery at Gore Bay, and gives away thousands to farmers to restore woodlots; it sponsors a junior forestry club and stages school essay competitions on conservation.

Occasionally McCormick comes to the island to inspect his holdings, landing in regal style in his own four-engined plane at Gore Bay. Residents claim, however, the great man follows the pattern of the humblest tin-can tourist: after one quick blink at the woodlands he devotes himself to pursuit of the wily king-size bass. ★

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its appearance is a golden invitation for drinking enjoyment, and man! what a grand full-bodied taste!

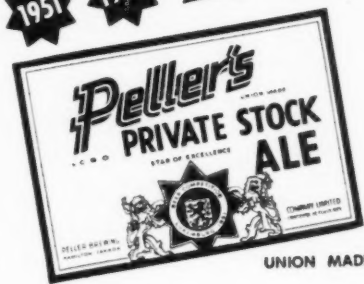
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The Slide That Shook The West

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

ledge near the top of the Turtle had been there for centuries and would be there long after the miners were no longer around to gaze at it.

Even mysterious things happening in the mine were no longer worth discussing. There had been strange cracklings and rumblings for months. Miners were used to finding walls of coal and rock "squeezed in." They had grown tired of finding buckled and split into fragments the sets of timbers two feet square which had been put into place as props the night before.

It was going to be just another night of work as Joe Chapman led his crew of sixteen men into the mine for the graveyard shift—midnight to eight—on April 29. Outside, the spring weather had turned into bitter cold and a snowstorm was raging across the foothills.

Frank was sound asleep; the only lights were those at the mine tippie and on a freight train that had just finished leaving empty coal cars at the mine and was pulling empty cars onto a siding farther west and up the valley.

Train brakeman Sid Choquette had suggested to two workmen at the mine plant that the Spokane Flyer, a crack passenger train, might be delayed by the snowstorm and would be a bit late arriving from Lethbridge. His freight train was only a few hundred feet away from the tippie when hell broke loose on Turtle Mountain.

The whole northeast face of the mountain suddenly collapsed and plunged into the valley. As the avalanche leveled away a three-hundred-foot hump on the mountainside it was diverted upward so that the racing rock shattered more and spilled out across the Crownsnest River and over the valley.

The train crew, though blind in the darkness, could feel and hear the thundering horror of the rock crushing everything in its mad rush.

Heavy timber and rough humps of solid rock on the mountainside, the mine tippie and rows of miners' cottages were smashed instantly. The crescendo of roaring and crackling and rumbling filled the winding valley and its few thousand residents jumped awake with fear. The noise was appalling even ten miles away. Fifteen miles away houses shook so that later no one could convince their occupants an earthquake had not occurred.

Less than two minutes after the first shattering noise, the earth stopped shaking. Comparative quiet returned, punctuated by loud crashes for the next two weeks as more huge boulders tumbled down the mountainside into the sea of rubble.

A thick pall of limestone dust spread out through the valley. For the rest of that day it hung over the scene of desolation like a heavy grey veil that might have been a funeral shroud.

Boulders the size of four-story buildings still were tumbling down intermittently when brakeman Choquette's thoughts flashed to the Spokane Flyer rushing toward the rock-filled valley—and he set out to prevent a second disaster.

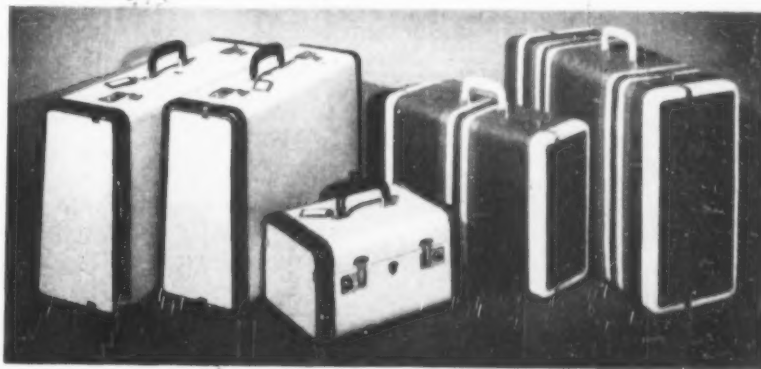
Not knowing how much of the railway was buried, nor caring how more of the mountain would fall, Choquette began climbing over the jagged rocks in a desperate effort to halt the Flyer. With incredible accuracy he followed a straight course over the slide. For more than a mile he groped

Have you done your Christmas hinting?

Perhaps your Santa doesn't know your heart's set on baggage for Christmas... doesn't realize that McBRINE is Canada's most-wanted baggage! So why not drop a gentle hint? — Initial the style of your choice as shown below and leave this message where it's sure to be seen!



"COMET" MATCHED SET — Very smart new 'taper-shape' series in McBrine durable leather binding: 18" Dressing Case (about \$21.50*), Train Case (about \$22.50*) and 24" Pullman Case (about \$30.*). Choice of blue tan, grey or natural colours.



"PALM BEACH" SET in 2-ply tweed with Cordovan cowhide binding: 24" Pullman Case (about \$29.50*), 21" Aeropack (about \$32.50*) and Train Case (about \$22.50*).

"BERMUDA" MATCHED SET — Two pieces from this popular tweed series bound with Canadian rawhide: 18" Dressing Case (about \$25.*), the famous Aeropack (about \$42.50*).



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MEN'S "SKYFLYTE" two suit Aeropack (about \$112.50*) and matching 21" Case (about \$82.50*). Both in Regal Rawhide.
*Prices slightly higher in some localities

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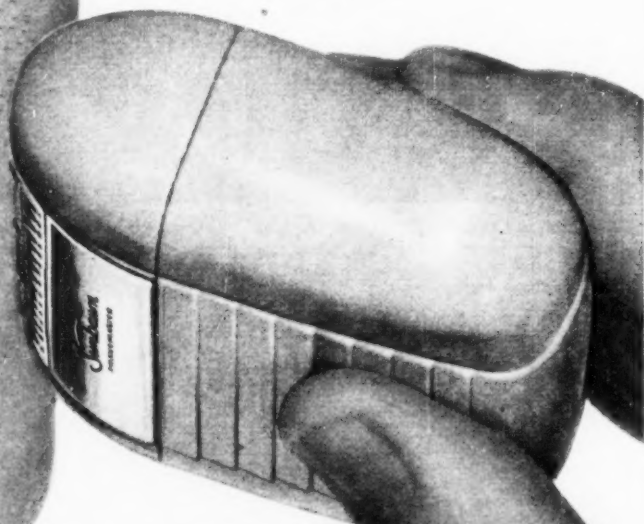
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and FASTER than
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— wet or dry

If you are one of those men who believe electric shavers take too long and won't shave a beard like yours CLOSE enough—the new Sunbeam Shavemaster will give you the surprise of your life. Just ask men with tough beards who are using it.

Shavemaster has the bigger single SMOOTH head and lightning-fast single Cutter. The ONLY shaver with the Powerful 16-bar armature self-starting REAL motor.



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You will get a closer, cleaner shave with Shavemaster in less time than it takes with soap-and-blade. Even if you've got the toughest, heaviest beard, plus a tender skin, you'll shave faster and smoother with Shavemaster than by any other method, wet or dry.

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The top reason men prefer Shavemaster, dealers say, is the s-m-o-o-t-h-e-r, cleaner shave it delivers. Only Shavemaster's bigger, single continuous-round shaving head and exclusive shaving principle makes this superior performance possible.

See the new Model "W" Shavemaster at your dealer's.

SUNBEAM CORPORATION (CANADA) LIMITED, TORONTO 9, CANADA

in the eerie dust-filled darkness, climbing and sliding and slipping over jagged rocks and praying for the snowstorm to delay the train. He could have been killed a thousand times by falling rocks.

When there were no more boulders to climb he found the line on the eastern side of the slide and ran along it to meet the approaching train. He flagged it down before it could go around one of many curves and plough into the slide with its hundreds of passengers. The passengers on the train later presented Choquette with an engraved gold watch.

The stunned and bewildered residents of Frank were being joined by equally stunned and bewildered residents of coal-mining camps from farther up the pass. As they groped about the western edge of the rock slide searching for survivors they guessed that either a volcanic eruption or an explosion had occurred.

In spite of the numerous exaggerations that have grown with the years, Frank itself had escaped destruction except for a tiny fringe along its east side and another small section along its northern limits. Neither its business section nor its main residential areas had been touched.

However, the main slide covered the mine entrance and swept northeastward over the tippie, blacksmith shop, mine company houses rented to employees, a row of six miners' cottages and odd shacks and tents. The rocky desolation filled the valley for a depth of more than a hundred feet where these buildings had been minutes earlier.

The eastern edge of the slide caught some isolated miners' shacks and some ranch houses, and they, too, had disappeared.

Flying boulders breaking away from the main mass of racing rock smashed through a row of six miners' cottages in the town of Frank itself. Here fate played strange tricks on sleeping families.

In some cases huge boulders crushed cottages into the ground and completely buried them with their occupants. In others the flimsy homes were smashed apart, strewn families about with the wreckage. Most of those who escaped were flung clear of the wreckage, but others were pried out from the debris. People sleeping in one room of a house were all killed and buried by thousands of tons of rock while those in an adjoining room were hurled away, bruised but safe, in the rubble.

These six cottages were occupied by the Clarke, Watkins, Ennis, Ackroyd, Leitch and Bahnsmier families.

Everyone in the Clarke family was killed except a little girl sleeping out. The Watkins family survived, Mrs. Watkins being rescued from the rubble. Mr. and Mrs. Ackroyd were killed but their ten-year-old son was spared.

The Ennis family—parents, son Delbert and daughters Marion, Hazel and Gladys—and Jim Warrington (Mrs. Ennis' brother) were all covered by rubble. Mr. and Mrs. Ennis were sleeping with their baby, Gladys, when the slide occurred and, as boulders battered their house, the three clung together. When the rocks stopped flying Mrs. Ennis (now Mrs. Enoch Williams, of Victoria) had suffered a

GREAT MINDS THINK ALIKE

By Harry Mace



"Why don't you get up?"

broken shoulder blade and was semi-conscious. However, she was able to note that her baby was gasping. She turned to her husband and urged: "Sam, Gladys is choking to death. Help her if you can."

Ennis squirmed about in the wreckage, relieved the infant of a mouthful of mud with his fingers and then turned her head down and thumped her on the back until she coughed up more mud. Later the three were dug out from the hole among the rocks where they had been buried.

Delbert Ennis, now a coal miner at neighboring Blairmore, suffered fractured legs.

When Warrington was dug out from under timber pinning him down he told his rescuers he was certain his bare feet had felt someone below him. The diggers probed deeper and rescued Mrs. Watkins, whose skin had been ruptured by so many jagged rocks she resembled a pin cushion. Warrington escaped with a broken hip.

Another of the youngsters pulled from the debris was Lester Johnsen. One of the flying boulders had driven a board through a house, through a pillow of feathers and into his chest. A doctor working with the rescuers removed a handful of feathers from the boy's chest and Johnsen survived.

Alex Leitch and his wife and their two boys were killed. Their three daughters escaped.

One of the most fantastic escapes was that of Marion Leitch—the baby girl for whom the ballad Frankie Slide was written and who has often been reported as the lone survivor of the slide. She was thrown from her family's crushed home onto another boulder which crashed against the Bahnsmier house, and there she was found unharmed, sitting on some hay carried by the boulder from the mine company's demolished horse barns.

The Bahnsmier house, the last of the row of six, was merely pushed off its foundations.

While groups of rescue workers probed along the edges of the main slide for survivors, other parties rushed to where the mine entrance had been, hoping to rescue the graveyard shift. The seventeen men were locked up tight in the mountain. The mine entrance had been swept away by the

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slide and the tunnel leading into the mine had collapsed. The same had happened with the air shaft.

Workers began digging furiously into the mountain where the tunnel had been, and all day long they fought a two-way battle. The slide had pinched off the Crownsnest River so that it was dammed and, as the water rose, it threatened to go above the level of the tunneling. Rescue workers took turns blasting away rock to release the river and at tunneling into the mountain.

They were joined by reinforcements from neighboring Lille, Blairmore, the Porcupines, Pincher Creek and other adjacent points and slowly advanced into the mountain. But, after fourteen hours' work, they were still tackling a collapsed tunnel.

Then a commotion up the mountain-side, near the eastern edge of the slide, stopped their digging.

Joe Chapman and his sixteen men had stopped work about four o'clock after hearing ominous cracklings and rumblings. Then came a sort of explosion, a shaking of the earth, a terrific roar and a splintering of timbers.

The terrified miners, none of them hurt, rushed through the main tunnel, the light of their miners' lamps revealing buckling such as they had never seen before. They were a hundred feet from the mouth of the tunnel when they were stopped by a wall of broken limestone and coal.

A couple of the miners panicked and began chipping away frantically at the rubble filling the tunnel. Cooler heads suggested trying the air shaft and the miners plodded four thousand feet back into the mountain, expecting death at any moment.

They found the air shaft full of limestone and walked back to the main entrance to try to dig their way out. Then, with new fear, they noticed water seeping through smashed rock into the tunnel. There was no point in digging toward a lake.

One of the miners then suggested digging upward through the soft coal where it outcropped on the mountain-side. For the next twelve hours the desperate miners followed that plan and dug grimly.

The tragic day of the Frank Slide was sinking into dusk when one of the miners finally broke through into daylight and began pushing his way out of the mountainside with a shout to rescue workers at the tunnel below. One by one the miners were lifted out of the mine. One of them had fractured a leg while the party dug to freedom through thirty-six feet of coal; he was lifted out strapped to a plank. This man looked down on the desolation in the valley and saw that the spot where his home had been was covered with limestone a hundred feet deep. His wife and three children had perished.

No one has ever been able to determine exactly how many were killed or buried in the slide. The official total was set at sixty-six and, supposedly, includes only those known to have died in the disaster. However, some residents of the pass claim that not fewer than eighty-five and probably more than a hundred died. Should the total include seven men who were planning to go to Lethbridge the evening before the slide occurred? No one knows whether they did. No one around Turtle Mountain ever heard of them again. Residents of the pass concede some of the "missing" people could have been away and never bothered to return on hearing of the catastrophe.

Another one hundred and sixty men might have been added to the toll had they not been tardy. These were employed by Breckenridge and Lund, contractors for building a new CPR

LI'L ABNER by AL CAPP

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

YO' CAIN'T DO THIS TO ME, WOLF-GAL!!
AH IS A MARRIED MAN!!

OH, HAPPY SADIE HAWKINS DAY!!
—AH KETCHED ME A FINE, JUICY HUSBIN—EVEN EF HE IS SOMEBODY ELSE'S!!



HURRY!!—AS MISSUS LI'L ABNER YOKUM YO' GOTTA PRO-TECK YORE PROPERTY!!

AH TOLD HIM T'STAY AWAY FUM TH' RACE!! WAIT 5 MINUTES, WHILE AH COOKS THIS NOURISHIN' 5 MINUTE 'CREAM OF WHEAT'!!

YUM!! HYAR COME TH' BODY-BUILDIN' MINNY-RULS AN' FOOD-ENERGY WHICH'LL SAVE ME!!—TH' BEST THING ABOUT BEIN' MARRIED IS "CREAM OF WHEAT"!!

IT HAIN'T FO' YO'!!—IT'S FO' ME!!

YORE SWEET, DELLY-CUT LI'L WIFE GOT THET "CREAM OF WHEAT" FEELIN', AS ANY FOOL KIN PLAINLY SEE!!

AH SEE!!

AH KNOW AH DESERVES T'BE PUNISHED FO' GOIN' TOO NEAR TH' RACE—BUT THIS IS INHOOMIN—SENDIN' ME T'BED WIFOUT MAH 'CREAM OF WHEAT'!!

See yore grocer! Git yore man with "Cream of Wheat's"

SADIE HAWKINS BREAKFAST!

CREAM of WHEAT
MADE IN CANADA
from the best Canadian wheat



line at the base of Turtle Mountain, and were to arrive and establish a work camp there by April 28—the day before the slide. They were delayed in coming from Fernie, B.C., and when they arrived were immediately assigned to build a new line through the slide, directly above the one now covered by a hundred feet of limestone boulders.

One investigation after another probed the disaster, the first being launched by Premier Haultain who had rushed to Frank immediately after the mountain fell apart.

Geologists and mining engineers

claimed mining operations had weakened the already unstable structure of Turtle Mountain and that a mild earthquake in the region in 1901 may have aided the movement of the overhanging wedge. The report of one geological investigation declared: "The slide was due, not to a single cause but to a combination of causes, among which the opening of a large chamber in the mine, situated under the base of the mountain, may have been a contributory cause."

But even before commissions held investigations and hearings in 1903,

1904, 1911 and 1931 the future of Frank was sealed. Fears of further slides hustled most residents out of town with their houses, stores and chattels before the disaster was more than a week old.

Others remained, especially as the mine in Turtle Mountain was put into production again. Then a federal government commission in 1911 produced findings which resulted in all buildings being moved from what was regarded as the danger zone—and that included most of the townsite of Frank. That commission found wide cracks in

the mountain and serious structural weaknesses in it. It declared that mining of a broad seam of coal at the foot of the unstable mountain caused the 1903 slide; it stopped further mining operations.

What was left in the old townsite was moved westward up the valley to the present site of Frank, on the eastern edge of Blairmore.

The hardest of all the tall tales that confuse the story of the Frank Slide is the one about the "buried treasure" of five hundred thousand dollars in cash. This yarn has persisted over the years, although bank manager Farmer tried hard to convince anyone who would listen that the branch of the Union Bank—like all other business buildings in Frank—completely escaped damage in the slide. The "bank" that was buried was a frame shack where mine manager Gebro used to pay his men—and there wasn't even a dollar there when the mountain fell.

The Frank Slide itself still looks almost the same today as it did ten minutes after it occurred, and it may take centuries to hide the hideous scar. It cannot be overlooked by anyone traveling through Crowsnest Pass when the snow is off the ground, and it attracts thousands of visitors each year.

Even the oldest residents of the area—only a few of whom are survivors of the disaster—are still arrested by the awesome sight it presents as it sweeps down the mountainside and across the valley. They try to be unconcerned about warnings of another slide in the making, but they know the top of the Turtle has been cracking so badly that a few months ago some of the fissures were a mile long, one hundred and fifty feet deep and sixteen feet wide.

Nevertheless, most of them at least pretend to feel the way seventy-year-old Frank Ruzicka does. Recently he looked out at the picture framed in the show windows of his general store on the short one-sided business street of the present Frank. There lay the torn side of Turtle Mountain—so close to the store that Ruzicka had to bend his head far backward to look at the peak.

"No one is afraid of Turtle Mountain any more!" he declared. "Nothing overhangs on it now. The slide and mountain are solid. Some pieces keep coming down slowly from the top but they break up on the slide."

For all their confidence in the precarious mountain the two hundred residents have not been able to make their community recover and the disaster of fifty years ago has left it doomed to being a sleepy village in which men and women strenuously argue with visitors that "the millions of tons of coal inside Turtle Mountain is the best steam coal anywhere in Canada. It leaves absolutely no ash."

While they usually ridicule geologists' warnings of another slide, there are times when they regard the huge cracks seriously. Then they shrug and say, "Well, what difference would it make? We must die once."

Geologists are certain erosion caused by snow melting, water running into crevices and freezing and breaking off masses of rock eventually will cause another avalanche. It might take a year, or more than a century. They claim the mountain will slide eastward next time, in the direction of Hillcrest and its eight hundred inhabitants a mile away.

A few years ago Mrs. Enoch Williams, recalling the 1903 disaster—when she was Mrs. Sam Ennis and was rescued from the slide—pointed to the threatening fissures and warned, as she looked at homes near the foot of the Turtle, "I wouldn't give you a penny for the life of anyone who lives there." ★

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The World's Most Ardent Birdwatcher

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

Scott contributed a bottle of linseed oil he had brought to mix his paints. Even thinned with turpentine it wouldn't cover the whole surface so they extended it with gun oil, boot polish, medicinal oil and melted candles. This mixture was painted hopefully on the tent but it didn't help much.

One night as he tried to write, crouched in a sleeping bag, Scott thought about his father. "These tuppenny ha'penny adventures of ours cannot help but cast a new light for me on the story with which I grew up," he forced his cold fingers to record. "If I am enjoying the minor discomforts and difficulties—as indeed I am—then it serves to remind me particularly of one phrase in my father's diary, which says: 'How much better this has been than lounging in too great comfort at home.'"

The party flew in from Yellowknife with bush pilot Doug Ireland. After they left Beechey Lake they ran into low cloud along the Western River, which they were following to Bathurst Inlet. The river runs into a gorge and they discovered that the cloud which they thought to be above the gorge was well down in it. At this moment it began to snow. For a frightening half hour they flew between two walls of rock with a visibility of less than one hundred and fifty yards.

Even at such moments Scott can be diverted by geese. As Ireland manoeuvred the aircraft in a tight circle to avoid the rock wall Scott was suddenly engrossed in counting two small flocks of geese in the swirling snow. "One flock was all dark—possibly Lesser Canadas," he reported. "The other flock had about half a dozen snow geese in it, and perhaps some Lessers, perhaps Ross's."

"He has the most phenomenal eyesight of any man I've ever known," says one of his colleagues at the Severn Wildfowl Trust. One night Scott went with friends to see a film called *Escape*. In the opening sequences the hero, played by Rex Harrison, stares gloomily through the barred window of a cell in Broadmoor gaol at a wedge of geese flying high in the sky. "Why they're snow geese," Scott suddenly called out, "and their wingbeats are too fast. They've spoiled the whole picture by running too many frames to the minute."

Paul Queneau, the geologist on the Perry River trip, says: "Again and again Scott would call the geese and they would fly right over us. He had the Eskimos absolutely popeyed."

Scott captivated the Eskimos from the beginning. His particular friends were Topelekon, otherwise known as Patsy, who became his guide, and Patsy's sixteen-year-old son, Tanoo. He dedicated his book, *Wild Geese and Eskimos*, to them.

If Scott hadn't been artistic, communication with the Eskimos might have been impossible. When they arrived at Bathurst Inlet, where they were to pick up an interpreter, they found he had left on a hunting trip. Because the weather was uncertain they had to take off for Flagstaff Island before he returned. There Scott made pictures of dogs and sledges and drew maps to convey to the Eskimos that they wanted a dog team to take their equipment across the ice to the mainland. From then on most of the talking was graphic.

The expedition's main objective, at least as far as Scott was concerned, was

to find the Ross's goose breeding grounds, reported by Angus Gavin. Although Gavin had seen isolated nesting Ross's, he had only heard from the Eskimos of an enormous breeding ground nearby. Scott had to be able to ask the Eskimos to lead him to it.

This difficulty was solved by D'Arcy Munroe, the HBC factor at Cambridge Bay, with whom they attempted to converse each night through an unstable radio. Munroe dug up a friend of the Eskimo guide, Patsy, in Cambridge Bay who could speak English. One night they all got on the air at

once and Scott was able to convey to Patsy that he wanted to be taken to the Ross's breeding grounds. Patsy did his job well.

About three and a half weeks later Scott and his companions saw what no white man had ever seen before—hundreds of Ross's geese nesting on the tams around a couple of small lakes, the biggest of which Scott named *Discovery*, after his father's ship.

They had to trek miles over the rugged country, sometimes darting between ice floes in an aluminum canoe and sometimes portaging, with their

cameras and all the paraphernalia of science on their backs. On such occasions the Eskimos always smiled brightly and indicated that it wasn't far. But their idea of distance differed from Scott's. Although he was on his feet for about eighteen hours a day during the time he was at Perry River, Scott is no lover of physical exertion.

He claims there is nothing he likes better than lounging in comfort, at home or anywhere else. "My idea of the right way to live is in luxury hotels," he says. "I hate camping, it's so damned uncomfortable. I think it's

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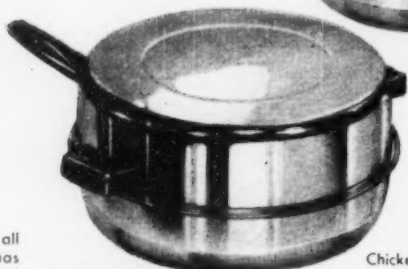


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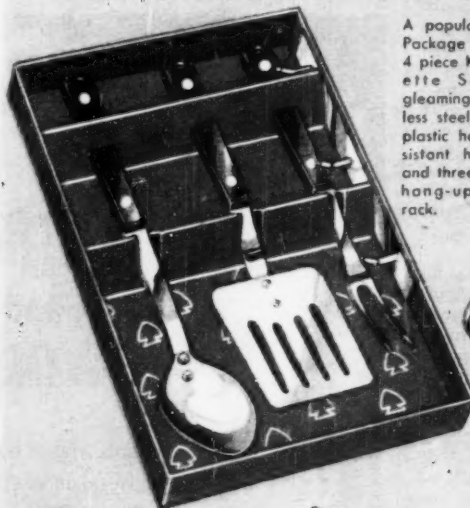


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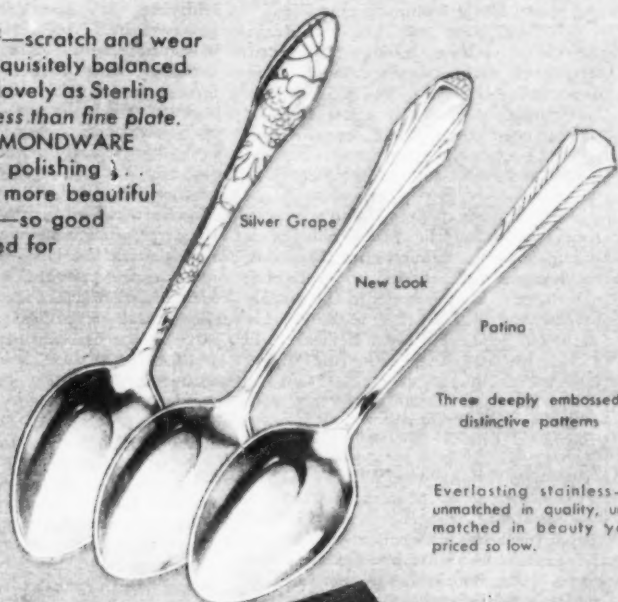
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a great bore when the mosquitoes fall into the food and you have to do the washing up and everything's a mess. You only do it that way if you have to."

In one of the last letters Captain Robert Falcon Scott wrote to his wife before he died in the Antarctic he urged her to make their son interested in natural history: "Keep him in the open air, guard him against indolence and make him a strenuous man."

Scott's friends say that, except in pursuit of wildfowl, he is anything but strenuous. Some accuse him of being downright lazy. Yet in 1936, when a fierce longing to obtain some Russian red-breasted geese lured him to the wildest sections of the Caspian Sea, he deliberately risked his life for a crack at what he believed to be the prize.

After a long search he discovered some geese on the other side of a dangerous bog. He felt sure they were red-breasts and decided to risk going after them. He got stuck in the middle of the bog and started to sink. He managed to throw himself clear, and rolled to the other side and there, covered in slime, he discovered that the birds he was pursuing weren't red-breasted geese after all.

They Hound The Birdman

Scott lives on the Severn Wildfowl Trust property at Slimbridge, Gloucestershire, in two old farm cottages that have been knocked together and to which a big-windowed studio has been added. This room is cluttered with chintz-covered chairs, books, easels, canvases, picture frames, paints, cameras, field glasses and charts. His second wife, Philippa, and his two daughters, his secretary and a couple of trust officials share the house with him.

Hundreds of people walk across their front lawn every day on the way to the enclosures to view the world's most notable collection of tame geese, ducks and swans, all carefully protected by fox-proof wire netting. Part of each day is consumed by distinguished visitors who rate the director's special attention.

Scott has a wide reputation for remaining rock-calm and unhurried in the midst of chaos. He's usually a mountain of correspondence, a book or two, a dozen pictures and an annual report behind schedule. He is usually being hounded by his publishers, his agents and the authors whose books he is illustrating, not to mention art galleries in London and New York which regularly strive to exhibit new collections of his paintings.

He gets up early, especially in winter, to watch flights of wild geese. During the day, when he can spare time from the VIPs and the birds, he paints and writes. Literary critics sometimes complain about the lack of professional editing in Scott's books, but they sell well. He writes in longhand with a pen.

He never sticks to one thing for long. He flits from easel to desk, then when he gets stuck for a word he jumps up and goes back to painting till the word he wants draws him to his desk again. If there's nobody around and the radio isn't on Scott will be reciting *The Hunting of the Snark*, his favorite poem, or singing one of a collection of American railroad songs he learned when he was a student at Cambridge.

For a man who is almost idolized in many places, Scott is singularly unpopular with the natives around Slimbridge. Recently he was awakened suddenly from a deep sleep by the sound of a disturbance from the enclosures. He rushed out and caught a poacher on the bridge leading from the Trust's property.

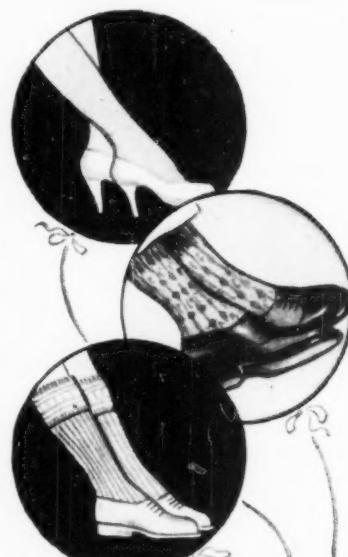
"The hunting around here used to be

good till he came," the locals grumble.

Scott is a good shot and was once an enthusiastic hunter. Now he sides with the birds. During his expedition to Perry River he was always complaining because naturalist Harold Hanson needed so many specimens and he nearly broke his heart because they ran out of food and had to eat two Ross's geese.

Scott has managed, by energetic lobbying, to persuade the British government to amend plans to establish a bombing range near Slimbridge, to prohibit civil and service aircraft flying over the Severn River mouth and to get full protection for two species of geese whose numbers were being dangerously depleted by hunters. One night about a year ago six of his precious snow geese got lost in a fog. He chartered an airplane and took off in search of them after broadcasting an appeal over the BBC describing them and begging people not to shoot them. He flew all over central England and when that produced no results he covered the ground in a car. He kept it up for three days and although five hundred responses came from the public only one pair of geese were found. Although full-winged, they have never flown since.

Scott's mother, who remarried ten years after his father's death and became Lady Kennet when her second husband entered the peerage, may not have been able to make their son strenuous in all things but she certainly succeeded in making him interested in natural history. When he was a youngster, she has said, the cigarette boxes in her house were always discharging caterpillars and toads, and guests were almost sure to find in the bathtubs every species of amphibious



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life which inhabited the neighboring ponds. As a schoolboy Peter used to put a fishing rod in his trouser leg and pretend to be lame so he could get out of the cricket match and go fishing.

At Cambridge he once got into trouble with the police. He parked his car on a bridge while he and a friend went galloping over the fens to hunt for ducks. He was fined for a violation of traffic regulations.

Lady Kennet was a sculptor of great merit and she encouraged her son to be an artist. Examples of her work stand in Westminster Abbey, the House of Commons and in the duckponds of the Severn Wildfowl Trust. George V and George VI sat for her. George Bernard Shaw was one of her best friends and J. M. Barrie was her son's godfather. The only portrait ever painted of Barrie is the work of Peter Scott. The royal favor enjoyed by his mother was extended to Scott about five years ago when he was invited to Sandringham to shoot with the late King and to draw portraits of the two Princesses.

Lady Kennet, who died in 1947, persuaded her son to study art at the Royal Academy and later to continue his studies in Munich. When these ended he returned to England, rented a lighthouse, decorated the walls with friezes of wild geese and peopled the marshes with tame ones. He then began to work hard at painting and writing so he could support them and study them. Scott's income from painting alone has been estimated at between ten thousand and fifteen thousand dollars a year. Most of this gets spent on the birds.

If the rare Hawaiian Ne-ne goose (there are only twenty-four of them left in the world) survives it will be almost entirely due to Scott's paint-



brush. Two years ago a government expedition in Hawaii wrote asking for his help to save the handful remaining. Scott wanted to send the Severn Trust curator, John Yealland, now curator of birds in the London Zoo, to Hawaii to study this bird and try to evolve some measures to prevent its extinction. But there were no dollars available. So a woman in Santa Barbara, Calif., and several others scattered about the United States who admired Scott's paintings were asked to help. In payment Scott painted them each a picture.

The expedition to Perry River was made possible largely through the popularity of his paintings. Sponsored by the Arctic Institute of North America and Ducks Unlimited, it was financed principally by Arthur Sullivan, of Winnipeg, a friend and admirer of Scott. Sullivan put up the money in exchange for some of Scott's pictures.

Scott's enterprises in the United States are now so complex that he has set up an agency, Falcon Arts Inc., to deal with them. This organization makes it possible for him to legally circumvent currency regulations and to travel whenever necessary. More important, it enables him to buy ducks and geese. In each annual report of the Severn Wildfowl Trust, under the heading, New Specimens, are a list of gifts from Falcon Arts Inc., of New York.

At every meeting the members of the council of the Severn Trust sit solemnly around a table, dumbfounded by the expenditure. They pass resolutions to pare it down but by the next meeting it has doubled again. If the council gets tough and refuses to pay the bills Scott pays them himself. And since he founded the trust, draws no salary, earns one quarter of the income and is as great an attraction for the fifty-cent customers as the ducks and geese, they usually capitulate.

Scott founded the trust on an old estate at Slimbridge where wild geese had wintered for centuries. He hit his rich friends for donations and shamelessly begged money from birdlovers all over the country. G. B. S., then ninety-two, covenanted for a sizeable donation for each of seven years, enclosing a note with his pledge which said: "Well, Peter, I suppose I am now become a wildfowl."

By the end of the first year the trust had seven hundred members. Now it has more than three thousand. Its biggest outlay is the dollars required to pay for thirty-five thousand tons of grain consumed each year by the birds. A couple of years ago Scott tried to promote a gift from the Canadian government through Vincent Massey, who was then Canada's high commissioner in London. This didn't come off, but Scott hasn't abandoned hope. He never does. ★



To The Freshman Housekeeper

You may think you have a million things to learn but here is one item you cannot neglect. Use Sani-Flush to clean your toilet bowl. It is the one product that cleans thoroughly, disinfects, removes invisible film. Quick, easy, sanitary. No messy scrubbing. Just follow directions on the yellow can. Safe in septic tank systems. Made in Canada. Distributed by Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

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Bill Holland	Stubby Stubbsfield
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Give a Set of Champions for Christmas

FOLLOW THE EXPERTS



FOR YOUR CAR

London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

killed forty or fifty worshippers on a Sunday morning in church? But that was nothing to what Krupp was ultimately to do for Hitler. Employing slave labor from conquered European states, and regardless of the heavy mortality among them, Krupp sustained the assassin Hitler in every fiendish device of destruction that he demanded. Nor was that the only service this great armament dynast did for the Führer. He gave Hitler money to build up the Nazi Party. Thus was Alfred Krupp guilty of assisting Adolf Hitler before as well as during the war.

The victorious Allies, filled with righteous indignation, imprisoned Herr Alfred Krupp and told him that he could wait there until he was tried. For once the sword of justice was held by hands that would not rest until the guilty of every degree should pay the penalty of their crimes.

Consequently Krupp was not present to receive me when I went to his vast house in the Ruhr to lunch. It was in 1946 when, as a member of a parliamentary deputation, I had embarked

on a fact-finding tour of Germany. On the whole it had been an encouraging experience. No matter whom we interrogated, it was clearly evident that there were no Nazis at all in Germany. In fact the entire population had been one vast secret resistance movement.

As a parliamentary deputation, wherever we went, we summoned the *bürgermeister* and the town clerk and the local officials to appear before us, and they bowed low in respect. In fact I never remember being able to study so many scalps at one time. Then we questioned them, and one of the favorite queries was: "Do you recognize and realize Germany's crime?" They did indeed. "Ja! Ja!" There was not one who did not admit Germany's crime.

Again we were much encouraged. Not only were there no Nazis in Germany but even the non-Nazis recognized not merely Hitler's guilt but that of Germany as a nation.

Then one day I spoiled it all. It was, I think, at Hanover that the officials had humbly admitted Germany's sin and we were all exchanging gratified glances. Not totally satisfied, although much impressed, I said: "You say Germany is guilty of a great crime. What was that crime?"

The *bürgermeister* and his colleagues showed no great embarrassment. In fact without hesitation and certainly with no ambiguity the *bürgermeister* answered: "We lost the war." But of course! What greater crime could be committed than to lose a war? If we had answered that it was our intention to shoot a thousand Hanoverians as a lesson I believe that we would have received the utmost co-operation from the officials.

But, having been entertained by the occupying British in Krupp's huge mansion, I cannot believe that prison was so distasteful to the gentleman in question. His house is a monument of bad taste. In the great hall there is a gigantic painting, almost as big as the death of Nelson at Westminister, with life-size figures of the various generations of the family in riding costume. The furniture was stiff-backed and Victorian. In the grounds there were two fountains, surmounted by the very fattest of nudes. Never in all my travels have I seen wealth so triumphant over taste.

Eventually Krupp came to trial, also at Nuremberg but two years after Goering and the rest had been sentenced. There was, however, no death sentence for Alfred Krupp, which was right according to the improvised law

of victorious justice. But almost worse than death was the sentence imposed. He was stripped of all his factories and property and sent to prison for twelve years. The dead of Belgrade, of Warsaw and of Stalingrad had been partially avenged. To take a millionaire's money from him is as cruel as to take speech from a politician or an actor. To take away his factories is to cut off the hands of a Kreiser.

After which there came a calm, for you cannot go on for ever trying war criminals. Besides, the spectre of Russia was occupying our thoughts. The world was reverting to the abnormality of a troubled peace. The first of the apologist books appeared, written I regret to say by a personal friend of mine.

Brigadier Desmond Young is a brave fellow with a keen enough mind but an utter inability to think harshly of the devil himself. He had fought against Rommel and had conceived a great admiration for him. And was it not a fact that Rommel was shot for having taken part in the vast plot against Hitler's life? There was no use pointing out to Young that the general only plotted against Hitler when it was obvious Germany could not win the war. I myself would have more respect for a general



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1½ c. seedless raisins
1 c. currants
1 c. cut-up seeded raisins
¼ c. cut-up mixed candied
peels and citron
½ c. almonds, blanched and
halved
1½ c. once-sifted pastry flour
or 1½ c. once-sifted all-purpose
flour
3 tps. Magic Baking Powder
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. ground cinnamon
½ tsp. ground ginger
½ tsp. grated nutmeg
¼ tsp. ground cloves
1 c. chopped suet
1 c. coarse soft bread crumbs

1¼ c. shredded raw apple
1¼ c. lightly-packed brown sugar
1 c. shredded raw carrot
3 eggs, well beaten; ½ c. cold coffee

Wash and dry seedless raisins and currants; add seeded raisins, peels, citron and almonds. Mix and sift 3 times, flour, Magic Baking Powder, salt and spices; add fruits and nuts, a few at a time; mix well; mix in suet, bread crumbs, sugar, apple and carrot. Combine eggs and coffee; add to pudding and mix thoroughly. Three-quarters fill greased large pudding mould with batter; cover with wet cookery parchment or with greased heavy paper; tie down. Steam, closely covered, for 4 hours. Uncover pudding until cold, then wrap closely and store 2 or 3 weeks. To re-heat pudding, steam 1½ hours. Serve with hard sauce or any other suitable sauce. Yield: 10 servings.

NEXT ISSUE

In the third of
YOUSUF KARSH'S
picture essays for Maclean's

EDMONTON
sits for its portrait

A six-page folio of distinguished interpretative pictures that show the city and its people standing on the threshold of the new frontier, where today meets tomorrow.



who plotted against the *Führer* when the tide of victory was running at its fullest strength.

However, the book had a big sale and it made out such a case for this chivalrous commander of the desert that Hollywood took it up and we had a film of James Mason doing a Rommel on us that would not have disgraced Dr. Buchman himself.

RAF men in occupied Germany met ex-members of the Luftwaffe and then discussed together the Battle of Britain as though it had been a rather dangerous but sporting game. The Luftwaffe which had strafed defenseless European cities and murdered fleeing civilians on the roads! The Luftwaffe which had tried to break Britain's spirit by killing civilians in London! Yet, why deny the camaraderie of the air?

The hard-faced Dr. Schacht was getting busy again. Had he not made Hitler's Germany strong and thus enabled him to make war? There was a place for him in the postwar world and he set out to find it. Nor was Alfred Krupp without hope. The peaceful half of the world, which now included Western Germany, had to be armed to the teeth. Then why keep in prison the supreme master of death's weapons?

In February last year Krupp was released from prison, and a few months ago he was paid thirty million pounds in cash, received property worth twenty million pounds, and was guaranteed an income of one million pounds a year as compensation for the factories which had been taken from him. It is quite true that out of this vast sum he has to meet the pension payments due to his retired employees, which may indeed amount to a heavy total. But, in the name of decency and sanity, release the man if there is some reason for it, but let the Western authorities pay the pension themselves instead of restoring to him his blood-stained wealth.

If the answer is that expediency creates its own justification then let us publicly declare that in our national and international affairs expediency has replaced honor and dignity. The corpses of the foreign slaves who worked and died in the Krupp factories during the war might well have raised their bony fingers in ghostly protest.

As for the ineffable indestructible Dr. Schacht, he turned up in Persia where oil has been troubling the waters of the Gulf. He saw the weeping wily Mossadegh and talked to American observers. Are you having trouble with your economy? Send for the good wise Dr. Schacht who won so splendid a reputation as finance-doctor-in-chief to the *Führer*. Have you any worries about the Canadian dollar? The doctor from Nuremberg is at your service.

There are lots of decent, honest, hard-working men in Germany, men who dread and detest war, and it is entirely right that the Western world

should open the door of partnership to them. It is also right, though deplorable, that we should arm the Western Germans because we cannot afford to occupy and protect them against invasion. In fact a disarmed West Germany would be a constant invitation to aggression.

But unless we can develop in the ordinary German a sense of world responsibility, and a civic consciousness that will make the people rule, and not be led by another madman—then we are creating a terrible problem. We cannot and dare not wipe out the past as if it were something written on a slate. Three times in living memory Germany put Europe to the sword and drenched the world in blood. That is the ineffaceable charge of history.

It is not fair to the victims of German aggression, nor to the Germans themselves, if we say now that we are ready to forgive and forget what the Nazis did. The charge is threefold: first against the homicidal Hitler and his brutal accomplices, second against the German nation which allowed them to rise to power, third against the Western world for failing to unite in time against the menace that was so starkly clear.

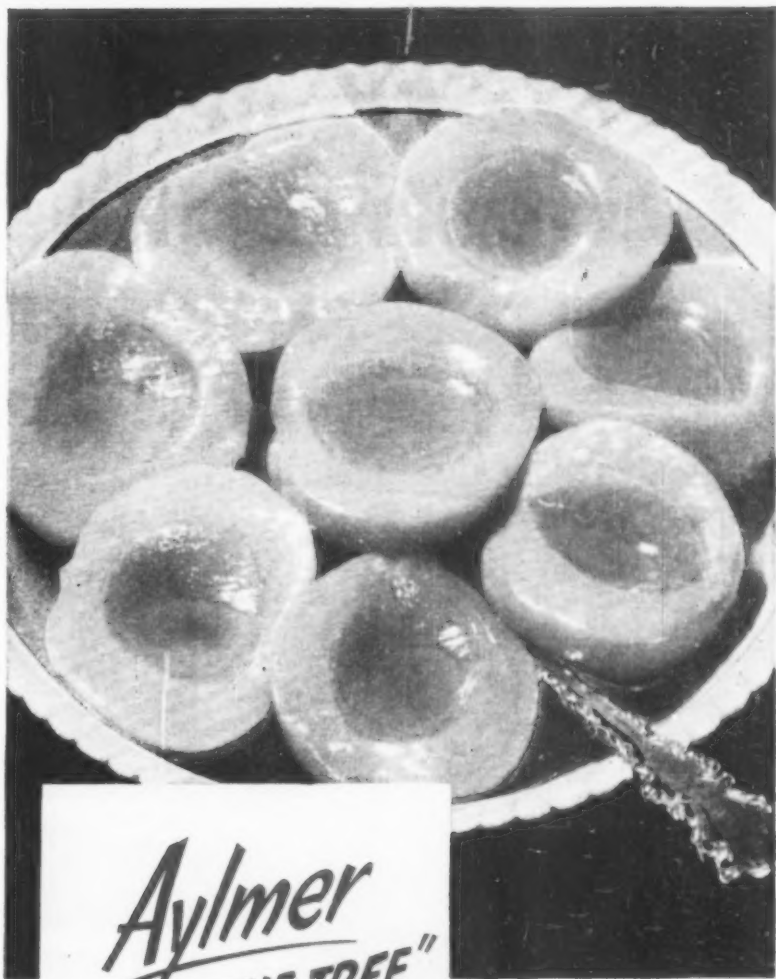
Today the civilized world is united as never before. America has cast aside her childish faith in isolation and has bravely accepted her destiny. If an aggressor dreams now of putting humanity to the sword he will find that peace no longer carries a dove on her shoulder but is armed and armored for the fight.

Our troubles are many and our soldiers are in action in strange far-off lands, but history warns us with the cry: *Achtung! Achtung! Watch Germany!*

There she lies in the centre of Europe with small nations on her borders which are already secret battlefields of political manoeuvre. Is Germany to become the great *cocotte* of the Continent, smiling first on the West and then on the East, demanding a greater and greater price for her favors as she advances from coquetry to blackmail?

Our battle of peace is to win the gifted, hard-working, honest but docile German to an equal citizenship with the West. And by equal citizenship I mean not only a common status but common responsibility toward civilization itself. But what chance have we to make them change their outlook if our writers extol the German generals of the last war, if we endow Krupp with his blood-soaked millions, and if we accept Schacht as an economic adviser?

There are two Germanys—the Germany of Bismarck, the Kaiser and Hitler, and the Germany of Goethe, Wagner and Luther. That is the choice, the clear inescapable choice, and we of the Western world, neither by our significance nor our insignificance can escape our responsibility. ★



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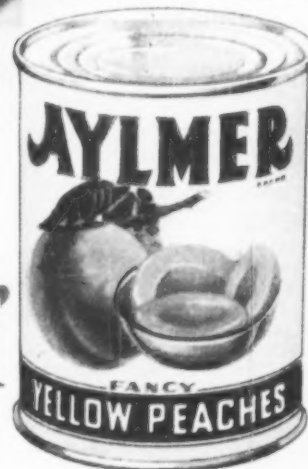
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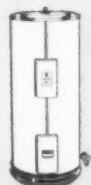
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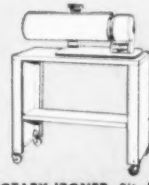
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MI-452

The Boyd Gang Fiasco

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

claimed they couldn't afford guards, were robbed of one hundred and sixty-two thousand dollars. But it was the citizens of Toronto who had to foot a bill of more than a million dollars for putting members of the Boyd gang where they could no longer stick up the banks. This was the cost of arresting, transporting, housing and feeding them; hunting for them after two escapes; providing hospital care for them and the policemen they shot; compensating the family of the officer they killed; stationing police at the banks while they were at liberty.

My firm belief is that bank robberies could be reduced by ninety-five percent and the hazard to police cut almost to the vanishing point if banks were compelled to hire trained armed guards.

The next most obvious protection police are entitled to is the safekeeping of gun-toting trigger-happy hoodlums once they have been arrested.

Early in November 1951 police had succeeded in putting three of Toronto's toughest characters behind bars. Edwin Boyd—whose wife Frances, an English war bride, is fond of boasting that he looks like Errol Flynn—was in the Don Jail charged with bank robbery. So was Leonard Jackson, who had abandoned a career as a beauty-parlor operator for bank robbery, in spite of the handicap of an artificial foot. The third man was William Jackson, no relation to Leonard. William Jackson, listed in Toronto police records as "seldom out of jail," was awaiting transfer to the penitentiary at Kingston, Ont., to serve a sentence of seven years and twenty lashes for robbery with violence.

On the morning of Sunday, Nov. 4, the three men sawed their way out of the Don Jail, slid down a forty-foot rope of knotted bed sheets and scrambled over an eighteen-foot wall. The next fifteen weeks were a nightmare for the police. On Nov. 20, the Bank of Toronto branch on Roncesvalles Avenue, in Toronto's west end, was held up for four thousand three hundred dollars. Ten days later came the forty-six-thousand-dollar robbery of the Royal Bank at Leaside.

On Dec. 18 William Jackson was drinking in a Montreal tavern with a woman. He flashed a loaded gun, boasted that he had escaped from jail, and was arrested without a fight. Edwin Boyd spent Christmas with Mrs. Boyd and their three children at a motel on the western outskirts of Toronto and Mrs. Boyd later recalled that it was "a real Christmas with presents and Christmas dinner—everything but a tree."

With William Jackson back in custody, Steve Suchan, a professional violinist and once a doorman at Toronto's King Edward Hotel, was enlisted as a replacement in the Boyd gang, which was preparing to strike again. Soon after the New Year, the Bank of Toronto branch on Kingston Road, Scarborough, an eastern suburb of Toronto, was held up and ten thousand dollars taken. On March 4, a Bank of Montreal branch in midtown Toronto was robbed of twenty-four thousand six hundred dollars at gunpoint.

On March 6 Sgt. of Dets. Edmund Tong and Detective Sergeant Roy Perry, of the Toronto police, patrolling the west end in a cruiser, waved a car to the curb to question the two men riding in it. Tong stepped out of the cruiser and was mortally wounded by the first of six shots fired by the driver of the other car.

Perry held an arm in front of his face and stopped a bullet. The alarm went out for Suchan and Leonard Jackson. Just thirty hours later in a Montreal apartment Suchan walked into an ambush. He pulled his gun but a Montreal detective wounded him near the heart before he could fire. On March 11 two Toronto detectives, Sgt. of Dets. William Thompson and Det. Jack Gillespie, accompanied by Montreal police, went to a basement apartment in Montreal. Gillespie opened the door and came face to face with Leonard Jackson. Jackson fired. Gillespie returned the shot and closed the door. Then, for forty-five minutes, police and the fugitive exchanged more than two hundred shots. Jackson, wounded, finally called out, "I quit." Gillespie ordered Jackson to send his wife out with his guns. Ann Roberts Jackson, a pretty ex-model, came out with an armload of bloodstained weapons.

On March 15 Edwin Boyd was captured in bed in a hundred-and-fifty-dollar-a-month apartment on Heath Street in a residential district of Toronto. His wife and a brother, Norman, were also in the apartment. In a suitcase beside Edwin Boyd's bed were revolvers and twenty-four thousand dollars in cash.

Toronto heaved a collective sigh of relief. I know, therefore, that most people felt as I did—physically sick, nauseated—when the news was flashed on Sept. 8: "The Boyd gang has broken out again." My first thought, instinctively, was: "God help the police."

My own feeling is that the Boyd gang did not escape so much from the Don Jail as from the Don jailers. The Don Jail is eighty-eight years old, but it is no worse than the majority of city jails on this continent. Twenty thousand dollars spent on saw-proof bars, gang locks and other improvements would make the Don as secure as most jails. Solid doors to cell blocks, which served no other purpose than to give prisoners privacy in which to prepare for escape, have already been removed as a result of the Boyd breakout.

The Boyd gang escaped because men who were supposed to guard them did not do their duty. They escaped because they put more time and effort into preparing their escape than their jailers put into preventing it. There is no excuse for the guards responsible, but there is an explanation: the pay of guards is low, morale is low. The salary range for guards is one hundred and ninety-two dollars to two hundred and twenty dollars a month—and only three years ago, before I insisted on a raise, it was one hundred and thirty-four dollars to one hundred and ninety-two dollars a month. Compare this with the city's wage rate for unskilled labor—two hundred and thirty-five dollars a month. But the city hasn't the final say over the wages in its jail. The province sets them by statute, we merely pay them. I am hoping for constructive recommendations from the royal commission which was enquiring

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into the Boyd jailbreak as this was written.

Immediately after Boyd, Suchan and the Jacksons were recaptured I spoke to them in their overnight cells at North York Township police station for nearly an hour and learned how they had "put it over" on the guards. For example, they measured the hole which would be left by the cutting of one section of window bars—just nine and a quarter inches by thirteen and a quarter—and decided that they could never get through unless, as one of them put it, "we made ourselves smaller." So they went on a strict diet and lost approximately twenty pounds each. "That was the toughest time of my life," William Jackson told me, "but the best reason for staying on a reducing diet I ever heard of." None of the guards noticed that the prisoners were shrinking or consistently leaving most of their food. "But you can't blame the guards for that," smiled Boyd, "a lot of guys in the Don can't eat the food."

After the escape was discovered, there was considerable comment that Boyd and company had not been very smart in their escape plan, since they had saved the "wrong" window. The window nearer the door of the cell block is lower, and gives easier access to the roof. But the explanation was very simple. "There is a radiator under the window we sawed," Boyd told me, "and a table under the other window. We used to pile bread and jam and stuff on the radiator and leave the table clear, figuring that a guard testing the bars would choose the easy way. He would climb on the table, but he wouldn't bother to remove the stuff from the radiator and climb on that to test the other window. And we were right. The guards did just that. After we saw they paid no attention to the bars we had cut, our main fear was that the cut bars—padded with cardboard to hold them in place and disguised with soot—would blow in. A strong wind would have done that..."

Another factor that helped the Boyd gang escape was the length of time the members were kept there without trial. Edwin Boyd, the last of the gang recaptured after the first escape, was back behind bars on March 15, 1952. When they escaped nearly six months later Boyd, Suchan and Leonard Jackson were still awaiting trials on charges some of which were three years old. William Jackson, already sentenced for armed robbery, had been brought back from Portsmouth Penitentiary, at Kingston, Ont., and reunited with the rest of the gang in time for his second escape.

In other words, these men had too much time in which to plan their escape, in which to become familiar with the weaknesses of the jail routine, in which to find out which guard or guards could be bribed. While the whole story of the jail's personnel shortcomings is the subject of a royal commission, at least one case of a guard taking a bribe to help the Boyd gang is a matter of court record. A few weeks before the second escape, guard James Morrison was sentenced to two years for attempting to smuggle hacksaw blades and a screwdriver to Leonard Jackson. After that I wrote to provincial authorities expressing concern over the safety of the Don Jail, and asking for a conference. Nothing came of my request.

It is interesting to note, though, that after the second recapture the Boyd gang scarcely had time for breakfast before they were in court. From now on I am assured that justice will be administered in Ontario more on the lines of the British system—swift and sure.

It took the gang nearly a month to saw through the bars, Boyd told me. The gang members were talkative when they were back behind bars for the last time. It wasn't arrogance or boastfulness that led them to "tell all," because they were subdued and respectful. I think it actually was relief

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that their escapade, in which every man's hand was against them and police were shooting to kill, was safely over. William Jackson was so talkative that once Leonard Jackson shut him up with a scowl and a growl.

"We worked on shifts on those bars," Boyd told me. "We had cut a key out of a spoon and a tin-cup handle, and it opened all four cell doors. Every time the guard had punched the time clock in the corner of the cell block one of us would dash out for five minutes and saw away like blazes. The only time we could take a chance on working more than five minutes was between 5.30 and 7 a.m., when all the guards were busy preparing prisoners for the daily trips to the police courts.

"At 1 a.m. on Sept. 8 we squeezed through the window bars, crept along a wall and were about to make the long jump to earth when we froze. Two policemen were patrolling the outside wall. We flattened ourselves, and pushed ourselves even flatter against the top of the wall when a pigeon, scared by our movement, flew upward. We looked down and breathed easy

HOMEcoming — AFTER HE'S GONE

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An acme of perfection.

How do I know that this is so?
Upon a bathroom prowl
I traced the story of his glory
Through basin, soap and towel.

LOTTA DEMPSEY

once more when we saw that the cops hadn't noticed the pigeon. They walked slowly toward each other, met, stopped for a minute to exchange a few words, and walked on in opposite directions. We waited until they had disappeared around the angles of the wall, jumped down, and ran up the valley as hard as we could."

One of the few active precautions jail officials had taken against escape of the Boyd gang was to confiscate Leonard Jackson's artificial foot. I asked Jackson if that had not hampered his flight. "That's a laugh," Jackson answered. "I can run faster without that foot. I stuck a tin cup on the stump—the tin cup we had taken the handle off to make the key—and I passed some of those other guys on my way up the valley."

In a few hours, anyway, Jackson had another artificial foot. He owns four, each of which cost him one hundred and sixty dollars. The foot had been left by outside members of the gang in a cache somewhere between the jail and the deserted barn, seven miles to the north, which was the hide-out of the gang. Also in the cache was a razor, fifty dollars, three guns and ninety-six bullets. Just where they picked up those items, and from whom, was the one subject the Boyd gang declined to discuss with me.

The items in the cache were, in the opinion of the gang, the minimum requirements for safety. The guns... well, men like these come to feel half naked if they are not packing a loaded gun.

The fifty dollars would keep the four men from starving for a week or two while they were lying low waiting for

the hue and cry to subside. As it turned out, the razor proved to be the most useful item in the cache. William Jackson used it to shave a deep "bald spot" above his forehead, which proved an effective disguise on his two forays to buy food at a shop located on one of the most heavily traveled highways in Canada, Yonge Street. "Since it had to happen this way," William Jackson told me regretfully, "it's too bad the pretty blonde who served me in the store didn't recognize me. The kid could have collected the twenty-six thousand dollars reward posted for our capture."

While the Boyd gang was on the loose for the second time, an eminent Toronto clergyman, Rev. J. R. Mutchmor, general secretary of the United Church Board of Evangelism and Social Service, made this fiery speech before no less august a body than the church's general council:

It is not enough to go after these tough mugs who shoot it out in bank holdups and endanger the lives of our gallant police. For well over a year the United Church has been pointing out that there are alarming evidences of gangdom and underworld crime activities in some of the larger centres of Ontario. It is time the big shots in Ontario's crime areas of prostitution, the liquor traffic and gambling were brought to justice. The United Church is determined to oppose gambling of every form whether proposed by Toronto's mayor, Ontario's brewer or any other so-called sporting big shot.

I don't quite know how I got into that company, but I would like to say to Dr. Mutchmor, as gently as possible, that the droves of clergymen who visited the Boyd gang in the Don Jail contributed nothing to the case of law enforcement. Quite frankly, some jail officials regard visiting clergymen as a menace to prison security and discipline. There is undoubtedly a place for religion in the rehabilitation of wrongdoers, but it should be handled by ministers who specialize in prison chaplaincy, who fully understand the criminal mind and the problems of law enforcement. I question whether a jail like the Don, which is not a place of correction but only a lockup containing prisoners awaiting trial or transfer after sentence, should be wide open to unsupervised visitors of any kind, ministers included.

It is a byword among prison inmates—"If you want something, get a minister. If you want to smuggle a letter out, play on a minister's sympathy with a tale of a sick friend; if you want character witnesses at your trial, a minister will round them up for you and even testify himself that you're a reformed character. If you want concessions from the jail officials, the minister will work on them for you."

In the case of Boyd the attention of ministers almost reached the point of absurdity. Boyd himself played the part of a brand ripe for plucking from the burning. Presumably these visits were requested, quite legitimately, by Boyd through friends who visited him. There is nothing in prison regulations to limit the number of ministers who may visit an inmate. Boyd prayed with them, and a number of them reported to prison officials that Boyd was "ready to take his medicine. He earnestly prays that he will receive twenty or twenty-five years instead of life." Boyd maintained his pious attitude in letters to his wife, letters he knew would be censored in the prison office. In one he said, "I have accepted the Lord."

Just how many different ministers visited Boyd there is no way of knowing, since it was not until soon before



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the second escape, when prison officials began to fear that a gang ally might disguise himself as a minister to smuggle in guns and hacksaws, that a check was started on the bona fides of religious visitors. But my information is that Boyd received more visits from ministers than any convict since the notorious Norman (Red) Ryan.

One would think that the Ryan case would have put ministers on their guard against gunmen who suddenly "got religion." Like Boyd, Ryan was a bank robber, who twice escaped from jail. While preparing for his second escape Ryan started to build up a reputation of piety. Paroled in 1935 he became a sort of exhibit A of reformation. He was invited to address church groups; he became the subject of numerous sermons; The Toronto Star assigned two reporters to Ryan as ghost writers for a series of articles which were in effect sermons on the theme "crime does not pay."

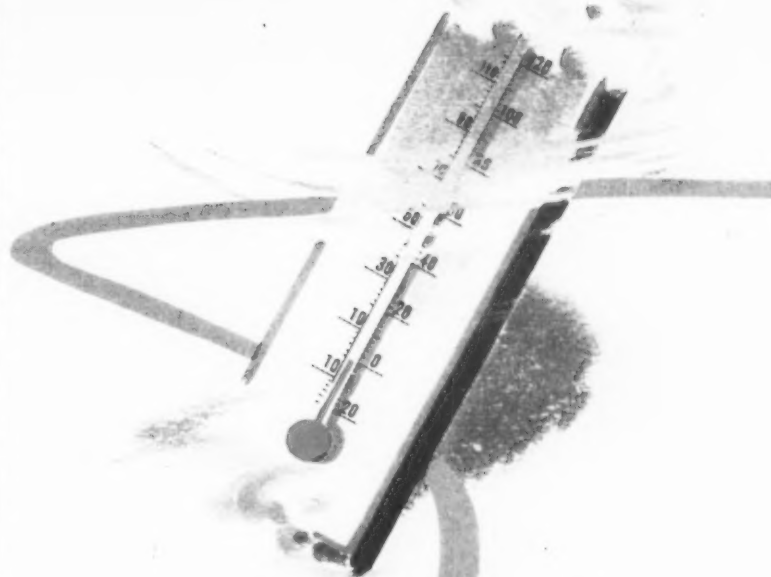
Soon after Ryan's release a series of bank robberies started. The leader was described as a tall athletic man with jet-black hair. Ryan, a tall athletic man with bright red hair, deplored these crimes. Then a liquor store at Sarnia was held up, a policeman was shot dead, and so was the gang leader, a tall black-haired man who turned out to be Ryan with his hair dyed.

With the Boyd gang at large hundreds of tips poured in from all parts of the province and beyond. A man who "looked exactly like Boyd" bought hair bleach in a drugstore near the Quebec border, presumably for disguise, and that started a day-long hunt. Four nuns in a car were pursued by police; a Whithy farmer shot an innocent prowler—an escaped inmate of a mental institution—and wounded him; four United States tourists had the fright of their lives when their car was stopped by police with drawn guns. Thousands of police man-hours went into the hunt, all police leaves and days off were canceled.

On Sunday, Sept. 14, scores of church congregations prayed that human life be spared when police and fugitives met. Twenty-four hours later these prayers were answered. Andrew Ouellette, a Scarborough Township police officer, cruising sideroads north-east of Toronto on routine patrol, noticed a car with the rear license plate turned up. He stopped to question the three men in the car and was met by a volley of revolver bullets, and his car was forced into a ditch. Ouellette was severely injured by the crash, but he fired after the fleeing car and radioed Scarborough police headquarters.

That car, I am certain, contained the Boyd gang's "rescue squad," with the clothing, additional arms and money the gang needed to get back into the business of robbing banks. But the pressure was still so heavy that the Boyd allies didn't dare drive to the barn. Instead, the Boyd gang had made a rendezvous at some lonely crossroads, but had been able to give only a vague description of the meeting place, and the men in the car were cruising the maze of sideroads trying to keep the appointment. If the hand of Providence had not guided Ouellette to that spot the Boyd gang might still be free.

Ouellette's encounter concentrated hundreds of Toronto and suburban policemen in the area. At 7.10 p.m. Det. Sgt. Maurice Richardson, Det. Bert Trotter and Constable Ernest Southern, all of the North York Township police force, approached the abandoned barn. Richardson and Trotter entered with drawn guns. In the half light they saw three men crouching on the floor. "Don't shoot!"



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"Don't shoot!" the fugitives cried. Boyd and the Jacksons were handcuffed without resistance. A minute later Southern entered the barn and saw Suchan in the hayloft. He ordered him to slide down and Suchan meekly obeyed.

Back in custody the escapees were quickly tried and convicted. Other members of the gang who had been awaiting trial at the time of the jail break were also dealt with speedily.

What made these men criminals? To the layman the four men who were top dogs in the mob—Boyd himself, Suchan, Leonard Jackson and William Jackson—seem to have nothing in common except an urge to commit crime.

Edwin Alonzo Boyd is the son of a former Toronto policeman who served conscientiously for twenty-five years. Boyd himself was a policeman with the Canadian Army. That in itself is a rather extraordinary fact, as the army apparently did not enquire into Boyd's criminal record, or did not consider that a three-and-a-half-year stretch in penitentiary disqualified him for Provost Corps duties. Boyd had been released on ticket-of-leave a few months before the outbreak of World War II.

At Earl Beattie public school in Toronto Boyd starred in sports, and he was a member of the YMCA band which won a world musical contest at the Canadian National Exhibition. Boyd's mother died when he was fifteen, and soon after her death he quit school. The depression was on and Boyd headed west to look for harvesting work.

In 1933 he was picked up as a vagrant in Edmonton. Later he was arrested for begging in Saskatoon. Next he tried his luck in the United States, but was picked up in St. Paul, Minn.,

for illegal entry and deported. In August 1936 he ate a meal in a Calgary restaurant and couldn't pay for it. He served three days in jail for that.

Up to this point Boyd had been little different from thousands of young Canadians who were forced to go "on the bum" during the depression. But serving a jail term for a meal seemed to do something to him. He went to Edmonton on his release and launched a series of burglaries. When he appeared in court on Sept. 3, 1936, there were no fewer than twenty charges against him.

He got into the army soon after his release, passed Commando training high in his class, and was made a physical instructor in the Provost Corps. Boyd met his wife, Doreen Frances Thompson, under unusual circumstances. She was a member of the English territorial auxiliary and literally ran into Boyd while she was riding a motorcycle during the blackout. Mrs. Boyd had formerly been a parlormaid in the home of Lord Louis Mountbatten. She had been educated in a convent, and at one time had almost decided to become a nun. Her brother is a Sheffield, England, policeman.

Boyd returned to Canada after demobilization apparently determined to go straight. He worked for a time as a laborer in a City of Toronto Works Department paving gang. He bought a truck and went into the window-cleaning business. Police charge that late in 1949 he pulled off his first bank holdup, using the window-cleaning truck for the getaway.

I asked Boyd why he had returned to crime. He told me that he was fed up with the treatment he had got from Workmen's Compensation officials after he had been injured at work. That sounded like a poor motivation for turning to banditry.

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A bachelor's a gent that, when
A lady says, oh she would ten
Times rather stay here at her place
And cook some eggs and stuff than face
The strain of changing to her new
Blue dress and hat and driving through
That traffic to a swank cafe,
She'd truly rather, sir! . . . I say,
A bachelor's that naive bird
Who blithely takes her at her word!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Leonard Jackson, thirty, was born at Niagara Falls, Ont. He was a quiet youth who did not drink or go on dates. His only prewar police record resulted from a persistent urge to roam through the United States. Between the ages of fifteen and seventeen he was picked up for illegal entry at such widely separated points as Phoenix, Ariz., El Paso, Texas, McCook, Neb., Macon, Ga., and Jamesville, N.Y.

At seventeen Jackson joined the Royal Regiment and went overseas, where he married. Because of chronic bronchitis he was discharged from the army. He then joined the merchant marine, survived a torpedoing, and came home in 1944. He started riding the rods again. Riding a freight car out of Toronto he was involved in an accident and his left foot had to be amputated just above the ankle.

Leonard settled down for a time after that. He took a course in hair-dressing under his veteran's credit and went to work in his mother's beauty parlor. But he complained that it hurt to stand for long hours on his amputated foot. He became restless and would sit for long periods with his head in his hands. He said he was brooding over friends who had been killed in the war. Then he left home. He next came to police and public attention in July 1951 when he was arrested for armed robbery of a bank at Bradford, Ont. He escaped while awaiting trial and has since been tried only on a charge of murder.

Some time last year Leonard Jackson met a young doorman at the King Edward Hotel, Toronto's second-largest hostelry. Later, after Jackson's arrest and first escape, the two were to be charged with the murder of Edmund Tong. Steve Suchan, twenty-four, whose real name is Valent Lesso, had come to Canada with his parents from Czechoslovakia at the age of eight. His parents farmed some distance from Cochrane, Ont., and Suchan boarded in Cochrane while attending high school there. He was extremely quiet, and his girl friend was the quietest girl in the school. Suchan's ambition was to become a professional violinist. His girl played the piano, and they performed duets at school functions.

The first time Suchan saw a revolver, his schoolmates later recalled, he was scared stiff. Some boy got hold of an old .38, and a group went into a field to fire it. They insisted that Suchan take his turn. He stood behind a tree, put his arms around the trunk, grasped the revolver in both hands, closed his eyes and fired.

A year later Suchan came to Toronto to study violin seriously. To support himself he worked in a glass factory.

But the danger of getting cut on the hands made him quit. He was afraid that an injury might end his career as a violinist. He got a new job, as doorman at the King Edward Hotel, and there met Leonard Jackson. Soon after Jackson escaped from the Don Jail for the first time, Suchan traded his violin to an elderly fiddle-maker for a Smith and Wesson revolver.

William Russel Jackson, at twenty-seven, has the longest record of any of the Boyd gang. He was raised in Cabbagetown, east of the Don River, a district which has produced many athletes, many successful citizens—and many criminals.

At twelve he was placed under supervision of the Children's Aid Society for truancy. Six months later he was committed to reform school for theft. Soon after his release he was run out of Montreal for vagrancy, and at eighteen he committed his first adult crime, attempted theft of a car. He was put on two years' probation, broke probation six weeks later and went to reformatory for three months. A year later he started a career of robbery and violence which was to keep him in jail—except when he broke out—for all but a few months for the last seven years.

If scientists could tell us what linked these men in a career of crime the information would be invaluable to authorities. Our treatment of law-breakers has become more humane, yet statistics don't indicate that it has become more effective from the viewpoint of rehabilitating criminals or preventing crime. This presents a problem we must face.

I suggest that criminals be given the benefit of every test and treatment recommended by trained psychiatrists and sociologists. I do not think any arbitrary limit should be set in the number of offenses a man must commit before he is judged an incurable criminal. But I do maintain that when this point is reached, in the opinion of qualified experts, then authorities should be realistic and say, "You have shown you do not intend to live by society's rules, so you will have to be put where you cannot harm society." It's true that Boyd has now been sentenced to life imprisonment, but the machinery of remission and parole could well free him within fifteen years.

The story of the Boyd gang could be a milestone of Canadian history if it led to a more scientific approach to the treatment of criminals—and if it encouraged the banks, the clergy, the lawmakers and the prison authorities to take steps now to back up society's first line of defense against expanding crime, this first line of defense being our honest and efficient police forces. ★



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Gordon Bell's School For Sobriety

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

Bell feels the luxurious surroundings at Shadow Brook have a definite therapeutic value. "The average patient comes here hating himself, convinced that nobody cares for him. He half expects to be thrown in a dark cell with barred windows and fed on bread and water. He gets quite a lift when he

finds that he's in a gentleman's club." The posh atmosphere also gives the patient a leg up in the eyes of relatives and friends who come to visit him.

The opulence of Shadow Brook has led many casual observers to conclude that its medical director enjoys a large income. This is not so. Bell, who lives simply and modestly in a thirty-year-old shingle cottage, earns eight thousand four hundred dollars a year—which is less than the average doctor who graduated eleven years ago. He has turned down four raises in salary offered him by his backer, using the

extra money instead to add to his staff which now includes four doctors and psychiatrists, six nurses, a psychologist and a rehabilitation expert.

While the six-hundred-dollar fee is far beyond the reach of alcoholics in the lower economic brackets Bell insists that even six hundred dollars is "only a fraction of what the alcoholic pays out in booze during a year. We recently had a patient who spent two thousand dollars on a three-week drinking bout."

Alcoholics arrive at Shadow Brook by car, taxi, plane and ambulance. Of

three hundred and eighty recent arrivals only fifty-five were sober. One man drove his own car right to the door, then promptly collapsed. Sometimes an alcoholic will stagger out of a downtown Toronto tavern, fall into a taxi, and ask to be driven to Shadow Brook, twelve miles away. More than fifty percent of the patients are referred to Bell by their physicians. All professions and occupations are included. "Alcoholism is probably the most democratic of all diseases," says Bell. "Everybody is eligible."

They arrive in all manner of dress. Some have only the clothes on their back, while some don't even have that. One dignified six-foot lawyer arrived clad in his underwear shorts, a bowler hat, and a telephone wrapped around his neck like a piece of costume jewelry.

Usually the patient is accompanied by a relative—in many cases, a wife. She is often depressed and exhausted. "Some wives encourage their husbands to drink at home so at least they'll know where they are," says Bell. They adapt their home life to this abnormal situation in various ways. One woman permitted her husband to drink at home provided he stayed in his room; another woman would pack her children off to her mother's home at the first sign of a binge.

"It's tough on the kids," says Bell. "I know one chap who used to keep his seven-year-old son up all night opening beer bottles for him." But, more often than not, the chronic drinker will prefer to do his drinking in bars or cheap hotels and keep going till his own ready money—and all he can borrow—has run out. Often the tab for treatment is picked up by his employer, relatives or friends.

For the patient who arrives intoxicated the first stop at Shadow Brook is the recovery room. "Patients call it the snake room," says Bell. It is a room with light green walls. It is sparsely furnished with a chair, a cot and an oxygen tank. Running off it is another small room well stocked with medical supplies. It's not always easy to get the patient to come to this sobering-up room. "If you use the slightest amount of shoving," says Bell, "they'll probably shove you back ten times as hard." It's for this reason that hospitals won't accept alcoholics: they're tough to handle and they completely upset the peace and quiet. At Shadow Brook a careful set of rules have been worked out for subduing the recalcitrant newcomer.

"Only one person is needed to handle a patient," says Mary Epps, a cheerful woman in her thirties who heads the nursing staff. "One person is better than six. You never use force and you never raise your voice. If the patient senses you're friendly and that you want to help, he'll respond." Occasionally a stubborn patient will say, "You can't make me do anything!" Mary's stock reply is: "I know I can't. But you want to do what's best for you, don't you?"

Once in the recovery room the patient is given "the gun"—a syringe and needle thirteen inches long, containing fifty cubic centimetres of a yellowish mixture which includes insulin, glucose and vitamin B complex. This substance, which is injected into a vein in the forearm over a period of ninety seconds, restores the body chemistry. "It's like priming the pump," says Bell, who in collaboration with Prof. J. W. K. Ferguson, a University of Toronto pharmacologist, scientifically investigated the effect of this mixture on the body.

The visible changes in the patient are dramatic. Within an hour or two, he is calm and co-operative, he doesn't

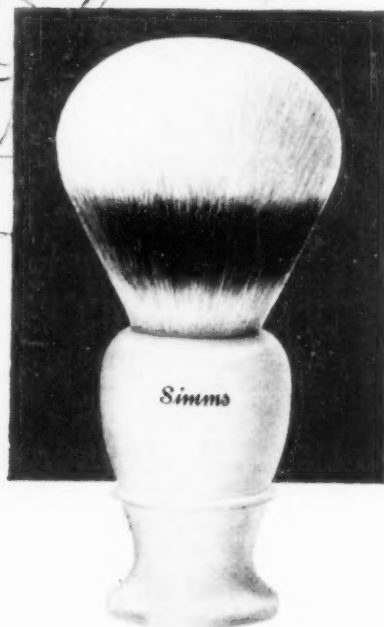


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want any liquor and he is usually hungry. This treatment avoids so many of the unpleasant features of sobering up that at least one chronic drinker included admission to Shadow Brook as a planned item on his quarterly binges. "We'd be right down on his list of arrangements along with the hotel room and the liquor," says Bell. "We caught on the third time he came in. Now he's on our blacklist. Our job is not to help people drink but to help them quit."

Not all drinkers—particularly the extra-heavy ones—escape having the painfully realistic hallucinations commonly referred to as DTs. A middle-aged lawyer spent several hours pounding the upholstered chair at his bedside, roaring at it all the while. He thought it was his son-in-law, whom he deeply hated. An engineer, who was afraid of losing his job, interpreted every sound he heard as the booming voice of his boss and recoiled from it in horror. A newspaperman desperately plucked writhing worms off the spotless white coat of the attending physician. Dogs, cats, horses, rats, birds, covered wagons, creditors, wives are familiar characters in the torturous dramas of the delirious alcoholic. "Their hallucinations are often associated with what's worrying them," says Bell.

Bell avoids the use of any sedatives. "Supposing a man gets hit over the head with a hammer and goes to his doctor," he says. "Would it be a good idea to treat him by slugging him over the skull with an axe?" Alcoholics can easily become addicted to a wide variety of sedatives, anaesthetics, hypnotics and narcotics. Bell has noted, uneasily, that a growing number of people are becoming addicted to barbiturates and the newer synthetic narcotics. "Drug addiction is a hundred times more serious than alcohol addiction," he says. Recently he admitted a patient who was in the habit of gulping paraldehyde—a hypnotic liquid. None of the sobering-up treatment given the alcoholic could relieve him. He couldn't even withstand the torture of being gradually tapered off paraldehyde. For five days he disrupted the hospital by noisily pleading for larger doses. "I've been one hundred percent unsuccessful in treating the paraldehyde addict," Bell admits. The alarming fact is that there are a number of drugs, widely advertised, available at the corner drugstore without a prescription, which are habit forming. Bell calls most of them "sure poison" for an alcoholic.

Since most patients are in varying stages of unconsciousness when they arrive they are surprised to find themselves in Shadow Brook when they sober up. The usual reaction is one of relief. "They have expected a bread-and-water diet in a padded cell," says Bell. Actually the life is pleasant and informal.

The patient rises shortly before eight o'clock and has a hearty breakfast in the dining room, clad in his pyjamas and dressing gown. After retiring to the living room to read the morning papers and mail he has a leisurely bath and dresses. At eleven he attends a group talk delivered by Bell or members of his staff—Dr. J. J. Holmes, Dr. J. M. Rae, psychologist Al Long, or the rehabilitation officer Dr. George Sirrs. After lunch he attends an hour-long relaxation session conducted by Mary Epps. Tea is served at three, followed by another group talk. Supper is at 5.30, after which the patient can go for a walk, read, watch TV, play cards, or work on his own written case history which he is encouraged to keep. During the day he might spend some time privately conferring with staff members. Bedtime is at eleven.

The group talks are held in the sunroom. The patients smoke if they wish. Bell talks in a deep strong voice, jotting down on the blackboard points he wants to emphasize. He speaks with the zeal of a missionary. "You've got to put everything into what you say," he explains. The recurring theme of his talks is that the alcoholic has within himself the power to conquer his illness, in spite of the defeats and failures of the past. He believes that by the time the alcoholic comes to Shadow Brook he needs a large dose of encouragement. "Everybody's been

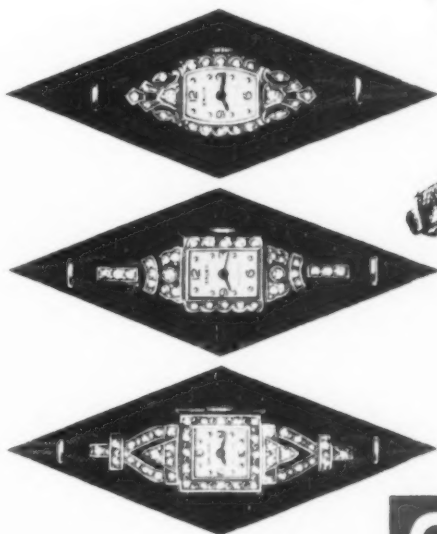
taking a whack at him," he says. "Somebody has got to start building him up again."

In his early talks Bell tries to present the problem of alcoholism in an unemotional scientific light. Alcoholism is no different from any other kind of chemical poisoning. "Put twenty-five fellows, all the same age and in the same state of health, to work in a factory where there are poisonous lead fumes and they'll ultimately come down with lead poisoning. Some will be poisoned in one year, some in ten. As human animals we're all vulnerable to toxic

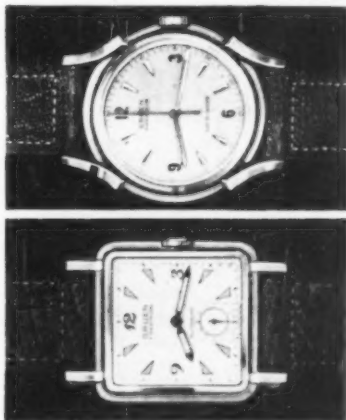
chronic exposure." The same is true of alcohol. Nobody can estimate tolerance of it in advance. But one thing is certain—uncontrolled heavy drinking will ultimately create chemical changes in the body. Then the body will feel comfortable only in this new unnatural state. So you crave more liquor to maintain it and you can't stop drinking.

How about the heavy drinker who never becomes an addict? Bell admits that there are some rare people with an unusually high tolerance of alcohol—like the man who died at ninety after

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Measure into a large bowl
 1/2 cup lukewarm water
 1 teaspoon granulated sugar
 and stir until sugar is dissolved.
 Sprinkle with contents of
 1 envelope Fleischmann's
 Fast Rising Dry Yeast
 Let stand 10 minutes. THEN stir well.
 In the meantime, scald
 3/4 cup milk
 1/4 cup granulated sugar
 1 1/2 teaspoons salt
 1/4 cup shortening
 Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm;
 add to yeast mixture. Stir in
 1 well-beaten egg
 Stir in:
 2 cups once-sifted bread flour
 and beat until smooth; work in
 2 1/2 cups once-sifted bread flour
 Turn out on lightly-floured board and
 knead dough lightly until smooth and
 elastic. Place in greased bowl, brush top
 with melted butter or shortening. Cover
 and set dough in warm place, free from
 draught and let rise until doubled in bulk.
 While dough is rising, combine
 1/2 cup brown sugar (lightly
 pressed down)
 1 1/2 teaspoons ground cinnamon
 1/2 cup washed and dried seedless
 raisins
 1/4 cup chopped candied peels
 Punch down dough and divide into 2 equal
 portions; form into smooth balls. Roll each

piece into an oblong 24 inches long and
 7 1/2 inches wide; loosen dough.
 Spread each oblong with
 2 tablespoons soft butter or
 margarine
 and sprinkle with the raisin mixture. Be-
 ginning at the long edges, roll each side up
 to the centre, jelly-roll fashion. Flatten
 slightly and cut each strip crosswise into
 10 pieces. Using a lightly-floured handle
 of a knife, make a deep crease in the centre
 of each bun, parallel to the cut sides. Place,
 well apart, on greased cookie sheets.
 Grease tops. Cover and let rise until
 doubled in bulk. Bake in moderately hot
 oven, 375°, about 18 minutes. If desired,
 cool and spread with confectioners' icing.



drinking two bottles of rum "every day of his life." "He would have succumbed ultimately," Bell says. "Doctors who examined him said he would have become an alcoholic had he lived to be a hundred." A grandson of this Bunyanesque boozier tried to emulate him and became a chronic alcoholic at thirty-four.

Alcohol is an anaesthetic. Bell assumes the heavy drinker is motivated by a desire to reduce pain. "There are two kinds of pain," he says, "emotional and physical. Alcohol is a crutch in both cases." He cites a rheumatic woman of fifty who began taking a nip of brandy to help her fall asleep at night. As the pain increased so did the quantity of her nightcaps, until she became an alcoholic.

But ninety-nine percent of alcoholics drink as a relief from emotional pain, Bell believes. "The alcoholic is usually mad at the world," he says. A bottle of whisky, in effect, wraps a man up in a thick armor of warm soft cotton where he's safe from the jibes and insults of the hostile world. "And he keeps drinking to stay that way," Bell adds. The reality of this process was demonstrated at the Cornell Medical Center by psychologist Oskar Diethelm and biochemist Freile Fleetwood. The blood of twenty-six alcoholic patients, described as sober, tense and resentful, was carefully analyzed. The scientists were able to identify certain substances in the blood which could be associated with "the resentment factor." As the patients drank they became happier and more relaxed and "the resentment factor" declined. "The only trouble," comments Bell, "is that after a while alcohol loses its kick as a prescription for happiness."

Bell constantly emphasizes that alcoholism is a complex disease involving the whole man—his mind, his soul and his body. He sharply disagrees with some psychiatrists who claim that if you can help the alcoholic understand the emotional conflicts which lead to his addiction he can be cured. One patient who arrived at Shadow Brook had been told by his psychiatrist, at the conclusion of a twelve-month course of treatment, "You're cured. There's no reason why you can't drink moderately now." The patient promptly went on a drinking bout that lasted two weeks.

Bell feels that intensive psychotherapy is only part of the treatment, and not necessarily for all alcoholics. He feels that many psychiatrists don't fully appreciate the importance of recent research work which has thrown some light on possible physical causes of addiction. Dr. Roger Williams, a University of Texas geneticist and biochemist, found that rats kept on a low-vitamin diet tend to become incorrigible drunks. In New York Dr. Harold Lovell and Dr. John Tintera noted that many of their alcoholic patients had an abnormally low sugar content in their blood. Many



craved candy as well as alcohol. A low-sugar level can make a person feel tense, irritable and depressed. Lovell and Tintera noted that this condition could be due to the improper functioning of the adrenal glands. If the adrenals don't secrete enough hormones, food won't be converted into sugar in large enough quantities. Now alcohol—for a time at least—is a wonderful remedy for this condition. The immediate effect of a few slugs of liquor is to boost the sugar in the blood and thus make the person feel as if he's sitting on top of the world. (With continued drinking the sugar content drops off.) Lovell and Tintera produced the same effect by injecting alcoholics who craved liquor with ACE—an adrenal extract. "All this suggests that the psychological factor is only one aspect of alcoholism," comments Bell.

Bell feels that many men and women become alcoholics simply because they are "dumb drinkers." They increase their consumption of alcohol beyond the danger point simply because they don't know they're handling dynamite. Bell was once a "dumb drinker" himself. As a captain in the Royal Canadian Medical Corps during the last war he increased his own intake from two beers at a sitting to eight double whiskies. He gave it up when he noticed that his craving was getting out of hand. "I was fortunate enough to recognize the symptoms," he says. "Most fellows aren't that lucky."

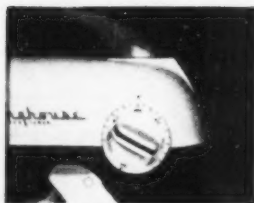
Bell is convinced that to remain sober the recovered alcoholic must never take another drink as long as he lives. "A single glass of beer and the mechanism is triggered off. A binge will follow just as sure as night follows day." He cites the case of a sixty-five-year-old man who was advised by his doctor to take an ounce of brandy to help him fall asleep. Within six months the man had DTs and died. "The doctor didn't know that his patient had been an alcoholic twenty years ago," says Bell. Although this man hadn't touched a drop of liquor in all that time, certain irreversible chemical changes had taken place in his body. One drink and the deadly process continued.

Shadow Brook operates on the principle that the alcoholic can never be cured, only taught to live without alcohol.

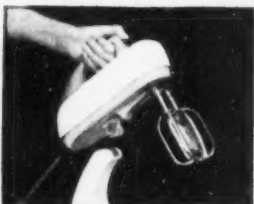
Since most alcoholics are tense and suffer from insomnia a daily feature at Shadow Brook is the relaxation hour which follows the noon lunch. Lying in a half-darkened room on mattresses with pillows under their necks and knees, the patients are addressed by nurse Mary Epps in a droning-hypnotic voice. "Let yourself go limp. Let go. Tell your leg to let itself go. Tell your arm to let itself go. Don't think of anything else. Let yourself go . . ." At the end of the hour a recent performance put eight out of ten patients to sleep.

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YOU CAN BE SURE...IF IT'S

Westinghouse



"Most alcoholics are so tensed up they forget what it's like to be relaxed," says Miss Epps. "We give them that experience here and hope that they'll practice it later on."

Antabuse is used at Shadow Brook. Anyone who has even one drink within five days of taking an Antabuse pill becomes weak, clammy, depressed and bilious; several drinks can kill you.

To help him understand Antabuse's effect on the body Bell tried it on himself in 1948—thus becoming the first Antabuse consumer in Canada. "It's no short-cut cure," he repeatedly

tells his patients. For the man who plans his binges Antabuse is of no value; he merely has to stop taking the drug for about five days. Some alcoholics derive such a feeling of security from Antabuse that they go on taking their pills religiously for years; others are able to give them up completely after a year or so.

No graduate of Shadow Brook is ever spoken of as "cured," the highest rating is "recovered." To achieve this category the alcoholic must have an unblemished four-year record of abstinence and show that he's getting

along well with his family, in his job and in community life. Bell has his own rehabilitation expert, Dr. George Sirrs, travel from town to town, visiting graduates in their own homes. Sirrs, a homey, friendly man in his sixties, was a former alcoholic who ruined his dental practice through drinking.

Graduates in the Toronto area have formed the Three Point Club, which meets weekly at Shadow Brook for entertainment, discussion, refreshments and to listen to a talk by Bell or some other physician. "It's like getting a booster shot," says the president, a

prominent lawyer. The club helps patients about to be discharged by finding them jobs or lending them money. "All loans have been repaid—except one," says the lawyer. The club secures funds by collecting dues and staging a big garden party in June. Every New Year's Eve the club sponsors a lavish party at Shadow Brook. "It's a tough period for alcoholics," says the lawyer. "So we make sure that we'll be welcoming in the New Year with coffee and grapefruit juice."

Out of every one hundred patients Bell estimates that fifty can be rated as "recovered," twenty-five as "improved," the remaining twenty-five as "unimproved." "We just can't seem to reach twenty-five percent of the cases. No matter what you do or try, it makes no impression whatsoever."

In treating prisoners at the Mimico Reformatory for men and the Mercer Reformatory for women Bell uses the same techniques developed at Shadow Brook, in modified form. At Mimico he treats prisoners in groups of twenty. This experiment is regarded as successful.

Bell estimates that one out of every five alcoholics is a woman. "But she doesn't get caught at it as easily as the man—she doesn't have to show up sober at work every morning." For another thing, women are more convincing liars. "Take a woman who's been drunk for days," explains Bell. "Her husband will tell you about her binge; so will her relatives and friends. Lack of food has made her complexion blotchy and she's nothing but a bundle of skin and bones. But still she'll stand there and tell you that she hardly ever touches a drop."

The woman alcoholic's ability to avoid detection for many years is unfortunate. "When we do get a woman patient," says Bell, "chances are she'll be in bad shape. She may be suffering from physical damage to her liver or nerves. And the chances are greater that she'll suffer convulsions during the period of withdrawal from liquor." Most female patients that have come to Bell's attention come from good-income families and seem to be endowed with above-average artistic ability and intelligence. "Perhaps they find housekeeping particularly frustrating," he says, "and they turn to liquor to relieve their boredom." The menopause period—between thirty-five years of age and fifty—seems to be a particularly hazardous one. "A woman feels that she's becoming less attractive sexually and she worries about it." Most alcoholic women readily blame their drinking on inattentive, philandering husbands. While Bell doesn't find this explanation wholly adequate he has noticed that a wife is more helpful and tolerant when she discovers that her husband is an alcoholic than the other way around. "Family and friends are less willing to help a female alcoholic," says Bell.

However, once a woman does make up her mind to accept treatment, chances are that she'll respond more successfully than a man. "This is particularly true if she has children," says Bell. "She reasons, 'I'll do it for my children's sake.'"

It is estimated that sixty-four percent of adult Canadians drink. An informed guess places the number of problem drinkers at anywhere between two hundred thousand and four hundred thousand. "Alcoholism costs the country at least one hundred million dollars a year in accidents, absenteeism and lowered efficiency alone," says Bell.

In his numerous appearances before lay and professional audiences Bell is apt to have some pretty sharp words to say about Canadian drinking habits. "The idea of killing a bottle just be-



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CARPETS & RUGS

ALL WOOL PILE—NO RAYON
... AND MOTH-PROOF, TOO

cause it's opened is a Canadian trick—and a bad one. It shows we don't know the meaning of social drinking." He is critical of our habit of serving only "dibs and dabs" of food at cocktail parties. "It's harder to get drunk on a full stomach," he says.

An industrialist who once heard Bell speak suggested that he lecture his sales staff on "sensible drinking." After treating hundreds of alcoholics, Bell can vouch for the fact that alcoholism is a special occupational hazard of the salesman. (Doctors, lawyers, journalists and others in pursuits where there is a good deal of uncertainty and tension are also alcohol-prone.)

Bell became a specialist in the treatment of alcoholism only by chance. In 1946, after serving as an army psychiatrist, he rented a two-story country house in Scarborough, outside Toronto. He and his family lived downstairs while the four upstairs rooms were reserved for the treatment of patients with neurotic disorders. "But no neurotics came," says Bell. "Only alcoholics. Nobody could or wanted to—treat them." He knew nothing about alcoholism and when he sought enlightenment from his colleagues he found that he was not alone in his ignorance. He began to haunt medical libraries and corresponded with medical men all over Canada and the United States who had given special attention to the problem. By the end of the first year he felt he was getting somewhere. By now, the four bedrooms were filled with patients who lived as members of the Bell family. "I treated them as people, not patients," says Bell. Day by day the enormity of the drink problem unfolded before his eyes. It impressed him so deeply that he decided to devote his life to treatment, research and education in the field of alcoholism.

This decision came after a varied and eventful career. Bell was born on a farm near Stratford, Ont., the son of Scottish Presbyterian teetotalers. His relatives were farmers, musicians and doctors.

He entered the University of Toronto during the depression in the hope of becoming a doctor but, discouraged by financial difficulties and poor marks, he left to work in a nickel refinery in Port Colborne, Ont. It was hard dirty work but at the end of three years he was married, had two thousand dollars in the bank, and was ready to tackle anything.

He returned to university, became an honor student and was a power in campus politics. His last two years as a student were hectic ones. The annual banquet of the student medical society ended in a riot during which the president of the university, the Rev. H. J. Cody was hit in the face with a bun. Bell was also one of the leaders in an unofficial strike against one of the Toronto hospitals which refused to admit Jewish interns.

After a year of internship at St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto, and an eight-month army course in psychiatry, Captain Bell was put in charge of the psychological wing of the camp at Brampton, Ont. It was his job to salvage men who were recommended for discharge on grounds of emotional instability. Much to his chagrin Bell discovered that he had been given neither quarters nor staff to work with. He solved both problems in his own way. The first three patients sent to him—a corporal, a sergeant and a staff sergeant—were surprised to find themselves appointed as members of his staff. "It was wonderful therapy for them," says Bell. His housing problem was solved the day the entire camp went on a twenty-mile route march.

He had his twenty-five patients carry away most of a huge untended pile of lumber, and use it to erect a building. "It made us all feel better," says Bell.

After taking Bell's course, which took four to six weeks, about sixty-five percent of the men were adjudged fit to continue in the service by an outside examining board.

After his discharge Bell worked as industrial physician with a large bakery, opened his private hospital in Scarborough, and finally moved to Shadow Brook in 1948.

He feels that the problem of alco-

holism is bound to become more serious in the years ahead. "We're living in times of mounting tension," he says. He would like to see a widespread program undertaken to prevent and treat alcoholism—very much the same as the one directed against diseases like tuberculosis. He believes that an effort should be made to educate the public about alcoholism, and that doctors and other professional groups are also in need of enlightenment; that industrial medical staffs should be trained to spot incipient alcoholics; that qualified men and women should staff

alcoholic clinics in our general hospitals. Bell also thinks that our liquor legislation should be reviewed, "especially the kind that prevents you from eating while you're drinking."

When he can get away from the telephone, hospital or lecture platform, Bell likes to relax at home by playing the piano and drinking a quiet beer. On such occasions his children keep a fatherly eye on him and are apt to protest if he has more than a couple of glasses. "After all, father," says eight-year-old Ronald, "you know what's liable to happen to you." ★

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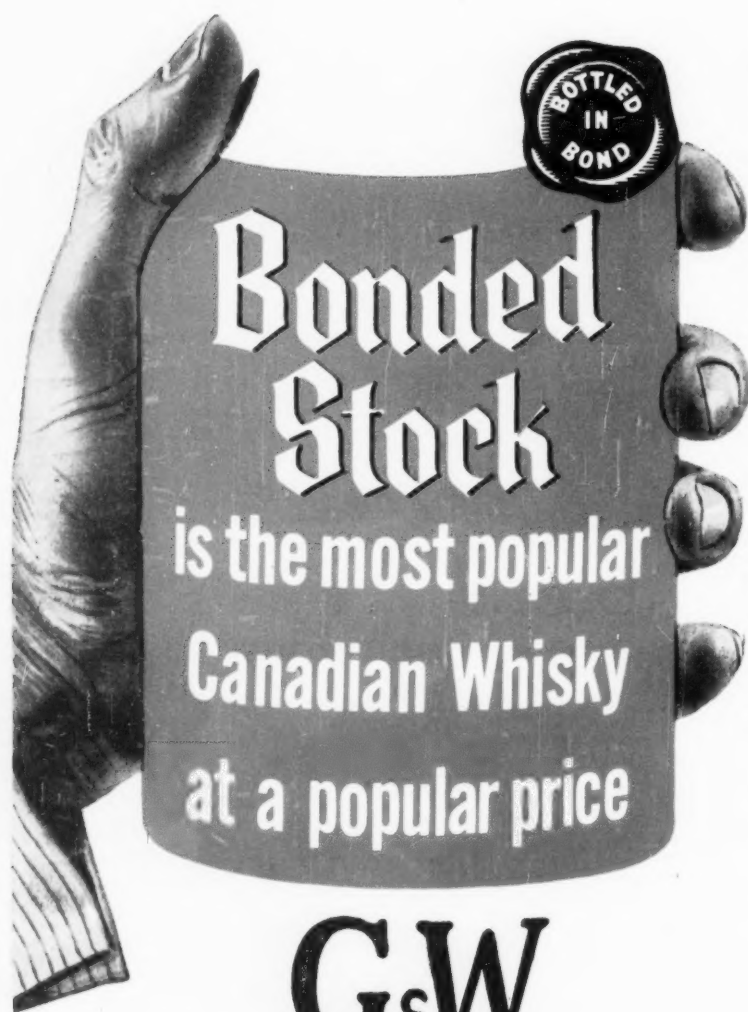


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Maude Burbank and Her Musical Moppets

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

in a theatrical sheet, the New York Clipper, in 1918. It explains why Mrs. Burbank has had little trouble teaching her protégés how to handle all the instruments in a band.

"They (the Burbanks) start," the clipping says, "with both playing trumpetlike instruments. They then offer a cornet and alto duet, after which comes a trombone solo by the man. This is followed by a trombone and piano combination, after which comes a violin solo by the woman. Their next is a saxophone and French horn duet."

In the 1920s the Burbanks, who were from New England, were circling a vaudeville loop in the Maritimes. They were asked by the owner of the principal theatre in Moncton, a New Brunswick railway town, to remain there and strengthen the theatre's small orchestra. Mrs. Burbank took over as leader of the outfit and her husband became its trombone soloist.

They planned to remain for six months at the most but liked Moncton and stayed on. Arthur Burbank wondered what he could do for the community and decided to organize a children's band, using the instruments he and his wife had played in their act.

He did this, but later, when sound pictures doomed the theatre orchestras of silent screen days, the Burbanks had to have another source of income. They branched into real estate, buying large old dwellings and converting them into apartments. As this business increased Burbank found that managing the properties and keeping them in condition monopolized his time. Finally he let his band fade and fold.

Mrs. Burbank was unhappy about this. She wanted as many children as possible to have the pleasure she'd had from music in her childhood. One day, experimentally, she tootled trumpets and horns she hadn't picked up since she retired from vaudeville. She was surprised when the right sounds emerged clear and true.

"Do you think I could train a youngsters' band myself?" she asked her husband.

"Of course you could."

So she began cautiously with a trumpet trio and it grew into one band and then two. Both bands are great attractions at the New Brunswick Music Festival, the beginners' band because youngsters from seven to twelve play proficiently as a group, the junior band because it's outstanding—so good that it has competed against and beaten various senior bands in the Maritimes.

Wearing a smart evening gown Mrs. Burbank looks poised and calm as she faces her boys and girls at a concert

and raises her baton. But what she goes through before such an appearance would strain the sanity of the average person.

On the night before a recent festival she held final rehearsals, then sponged and pressed all the band capes before tumbling exhausted into bed. She was up at the crack of dawn tossing together ninety ham sandwiches for her bandsmen to munch during the hundred-mile trip from Moncton to Saint John.

She was wrapping the last sandwich when her telephone rang. It was a horn player's mother reporting that he had mumps. Mrs. Burbank hurriedly located a substitute. He was too old to fit in with the juniors but all she could find. "I'm glad," she chuckled, "that you're on the short side. If you hide behind your horn you won't be noticed."

There was a second phone call—from one of the men who had volunteered to provide transportation. His car had broken down and wouldn't be available. Mrs. Burbank dug up another motorist. She was tired and her nerves were frazzled, but she drove her own automobile to Saint John with a load of children. There she bumped up against a real emergency.

A man who had deposited three band members at the entrance to the auditorium had sped off with their instruments in his luggage compartment. In desperation Mrs. Burbank persuaded police to embark on a citywide manhunt. "Throw out that dragnet I read about in the papers," she pleaded. Obliging cops ran their quarry to earth and dramatically delivered the missing instruments at the crucial moment. Mrs. Burbank took a deep breath, stepped out on the stage as though nothing had happened, and both her bands distinguished themselves.

She's had other experiences as bad or worse. At a Moncton concert she was still waiting for her cornet soloist when the curtain was due to go up. He raced breathlessly in at the final second, clutching a parcel, and gasped that he'd mislaid his white pants and had been shopping all over for another pair.

"Is that the new ones in the parcel?"

Mrs. Burbank snapped.

"Yes, but they don't fit too well."

"Change into them—hurry up!"

"Right here on the stage, in front of everybody?"

"Yes, right here, and hurry!"

He struggled into them and they certainly didn't fit and they were a creamy color instead of pure white. Mrs. Burbank winced when she looked at them, but she forgave him because he played like an angel.

When Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh were in Canada last year Maude Burbank's musicians were delegated to serenade them at the Moncton station. She discovered that the spot assigned to them was against

JOLLY OLD SAINT NICHOLAS

I'm wise to the reason
Why Santa, whose season
Is that of the carol,
The sleigh bell, the holly,
Is known as a fellow
Who's wondrously mellow
And strains his apparel
By waxing quite jolly.

I see it so clearly:
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Is gay because others
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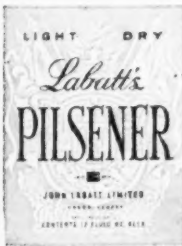
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a rose hedge—a hedge with sharp thorns. She stormed at the committee in charge. "How do you think my horn players will sound if they back into those thorns while they're tooting?" she snorted. "They need a bandstand—and chairs."

"It's smoky and grimy around the depot," an official argued. "What will the seats of their white pants be like if they sit on dirty chairs?"

"You build the grandstand," she said. "I'll worry about the chairs." She won her case, superintended the construction of the grandstand and, just before the royal train pulled in, she had the chairs carefully dusted by a volunteer cleaning squad.

Queen Elizabeth gave her a special sort of smile and wave that day and at the civic reception the Duke of Edinburgh said it was "remarkable to see a woman leading a band—and such a nice band."

Mrs. Burbank sighed with relief and was happy there had been no hitch. When the late King George and his Queen had been in Moncton in 1939 a tiny trumpeter in a band led by Arthur Burbank halted the whole parade by stopping dead in his tracks and refusing to budge until he'd had a good view of royalty. Mrs. Burbank had been haunted by the fear that one of her own bandmen might be as difficult.

But most of those in her bands behave because they like being in her bands, because they like her, and because she makes music fun. While she poses occasionally as a harsh disciplinarian, it was the children themselves who drew up a schedule of fines for habits she had chided them about mildly.

They assess themselves five cents for tooting when she's talking; five cents for coming late or leaving early; five cents for forgetting music; five cents for laughing out loud at practice sessions; fifteen cents for chewing fingernails. Mrs. Burbank paid the first fine for chewing fingernails—this on the eve of a concert. The levies go into a kitty which finances an annual party.

The youngsters are proud of their leader's versatility and often boast that she can play any instrument. An adult once challenged this claim. "I'll bet," he said, "that she can't play a banjo." He lost.

Born with a talent for music she was playing hymns on the organ in the church at Island Pond, Vt., when she was eight. When she was nine an uncle gave her a battered fiddle and an elderly man, Jason Wheeler, showed her in four lessons how to coax jigs and reels and polkas from its strings. After

that she played beside Wheeler at country dances and her father would carry her home asleep in his arms.

At fifteen she had twelve violin students—one of them a man of sixty.

As a teen-age schoolteacher at East Barre, Vt., she found her pupils regarded themselves as rough and tough. She encouraged them to behave and work hard by playing her fiddle for them in the schoolroom after hours.

This convinced her that music can accomplish wonders with children. She's still convinced. Some of the youngsters she has trained at Moncton were unruly, some were painfully shy, but after they'd learned to play brass instruments as members of a team their personalities changed for the better.

Music came so easily to her that she imparts it easily to others.

"Let's do a bit of buzzing," she tells her beginners. So, vibrating their lips, they buzz like bees on the mouthpieces of their instruments. They listen to one another buzz and then discuss and criticize. There are children who perform efficiently in her beginners' band after half a dozen lessons.

She charges those who can afford it a nominal fee for private instruction—this because she thinks they appreciate what they get more if it's not entirely free. But she charges nothing for the coaching she gives them at long band sessions, nothing for the use of band room, instruments, sheet music and uniforms.

At seventy-one she's still studying. Last winter she decided her trumpeting was a bit rusty and took a course from Ralph Fucillo, trumpet master at the Boston Conservatory. This winter she intends to take a course in drumming—also at Boston.

Besides teaching young musicians, besides studying, besides leading two bands, Mrs. Burbank has capably managed a substantial real-estate business since her husband died early last year. She's old-fashioned enough to consider smoking and drinking unladylike, but she likes driving a new car a little beyond the speed limit and is fond of a funny story, particularly if she's the victim. One of her favorites is about how she and Arthur Burbank were coldly snubbed by fellow guests at a boardinghouse where they stayed when first in New Brunswick. They'd been married for years but because their baggage was marked Burbank and Danforth—the name of their act—the rumor spread that they were living in sin.

A tale her juniors and beginners like—and she tells it with gusto—concerns the trials and tribulations of two green-



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horns from the country trying to crash Broadway. They were herself and Arthur Burbank.

They'd met at Berlin, N.H., where Maude went as a schoolmarm from East Barre. Maude, by now, had studied with competent violinists in Boston and Portland and New York during her vacations, and had herself become a fine musician. Arthur was a trombone player with an orchestra—and he'd invited her to be its leader. She accepted and the orchestra, under her baton, filled engagements all over New England.

Arthur, a relative of the famed naturalist, Luther Burbank, asked her to be his wife. Again she accepted. He was working in a mill then but dreaming of the stage. He and Maude, who was an impressively beautiful girl, figured out a vaudeville act—the one in which they played all the instruments. Arthur quit his job and withdrew his savings from the bank and he and Maude hit Manhattan with high hopes—two innocents ready for plucking.

When they approached an agent for a booking Arthur was talked into backing a play that lasted one day. It cost him two thousand dollars. Broke and disillusioned he and Maude were

glad to hitch on as performers in a medicine show run by a man who called himself "doctor," sported a gold watch chain, and, sold Indian remedies alleged to cure all the ills of man and beast.

Eventually they landed on both feet in real vaudeville, traipsing back and forth across North America in the Keith circuit and appearing in big theatres and small. The theatres were mostly chilly in winter and stifling in summer, the food on the road was bad, it was hard to catch up on sleep between stands. It was a rugged life but carefree—a good way to see the country.

Then came Moncton. The theatre manager there persuaded them to stay and head up his orchestra. When they had been there a while they realized that they'd sunk roots and didn't want to leave. Sometimes, Mrs. Burbank gets the urge to travel and she is still likely to jump in her car and drive to British Columbia or Florida. But she soon returns. For Moncton is where her home is and where children are always scuffling her rugs—young folk who are anxious to repay her with affection and gratitude for the gift of music. ★



By PAUL STEINER

Drawings by Feyer

A man in Port Credit, Ont., was fined twenty-five dollars for careless driving when police found the brakes for his car tucked away in the automobile's trunk.

In Vancouver, Bruce Howard was dressed as a cowboy, complete with toy guns, for a masquerade party, when he spotted two men preparing to drive his car away. He drew his six-shooters, the crooks fled and he drove to the party.

Police in Vancouver had to chase a motorist for two miles at eighty miles an hour, fire three shots, before they could get him to stop his car. It seems he was afraid he would lose his license if arrested for speeding.

When his car skidded off the road, crashed through three posts and plunged down an embankment, a Four Falls, N.B., man escaped injury. But when he went to telephone for help, he fell into a newly dug cellar and broke his arm.

In Ste. Catherine, Que., a cigarette butt started a fire in a parked car's upholstery, short-circuited the ignition, started the car which had been in low gear. The car ran into a house and started it burning, too.

Soon after Thomas Bartello, of Toronto, parked his new truck-trailer on a downtown street, all eight wheels were stolen. He bought new ones and parked the truck in the same place the following night. Two hours later he returned to find that thieves had taken only six wheels.

Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

excuse the mild vestiges of imperial preference that we have now. Weeks before the present Commonwealth conference the Americans were showing signs of alarm. After Canadian officials got back from the preparatory talks in London during October it was amusing to notice how promptly they went out to lunch with the economic counselors and attachés of the U. S. Embassy here. No doubt similar meals were being eaten at the Metropolitan Club in Washington. The Canadians were able to reassure their American friends that no new exercise in trade discrimination was being cooked up. But they were left in no doubt what Washington's reaction would be if such a scheme were even proposed, let alone adopted.

• • •

Ottawa recognizes, however, that merely preventing a wrong step won't be enough. The task at London will be to agree upon a right step. In the weeks before the Canadian delegation left here there appeared to be a fair degree of optimism that the task could be done.

In spite of George Drew's recent speeches, "convertibility" is not a party issue in Canada. All parties are in favor of it. Everybody in every country (this side of the Iron Curtain, that is) would like to see the British pound freely exchangeable into all other currencies. The decision when it comes will be a British decision, of course, but the British are only too anxious to take it when circumstances make it possible. They can't do it now, because the only result would be a run on the pound and the exhaustion of Britain's dollar reserves—that's what happened when they tried it briefly in 1947.

The problem is to create the circumstances which would make convertibility possible. That is what George Drew is talking about. He accuses the Canadian Government of doing too little to this end. Without pleading guilty to the charge, the Canadian Government seems willing to try to do more, anyway.

What could Canada do? Mainly, Canada could intercede in Washington. Canada could, for example, suggest a joint dollar fund to support the pound sterling in a free market. If the U. S. were willing to go along with this (or any other of a dozen technical devices to keep the value of the pound from dropping too far) then "convertibility"

might instantly be achieved. Moreover, it might not even cost much money—for the very existence of support would keep the pound from dropping below its true value.

George Drew is asking, in effect, "What are we waiting for? Why don't we go ahead with this or some other scheme to make the free exchange of sterling possible?"

The Canadian Government has not answered, publicly, but its answer is pretty well known. What we're waiting for, in the Government's view, is a clear indication that Britain is willing to face her own economic difficulties and make a determined attempt to cure them. There is only one cure—a great increase in production, until Britain once more is earning her imports with exports.

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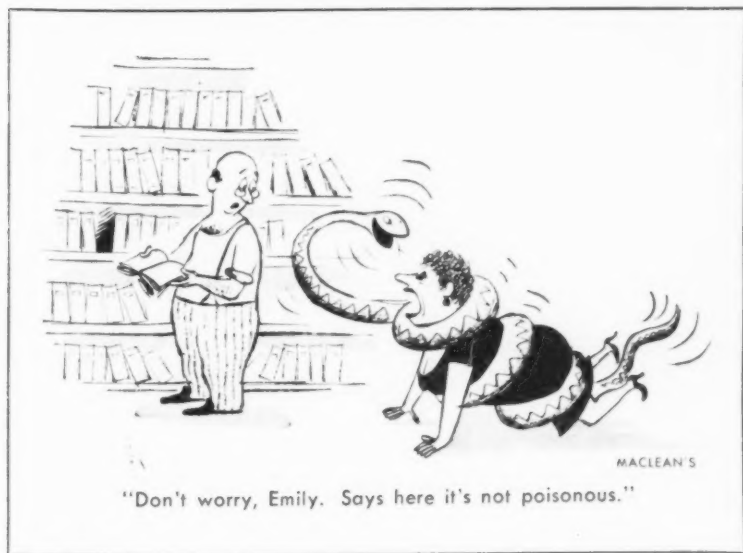
It's true that tremendous increases have already taken place. Britain is now producing forty-five percent more than she did before the war and her exports have gone up eighty-two percent. Both are increases of volume, not mere money valuation; they are real.

Yet, in spite of this remarkable record, Britain is still in severe financial difficulty. In the months before Chancellor Butler's budget Britain was losing her dollar reserves at the rate of four hundred and twenty thousand dollars an hour. Butler's fairly drastic remedies did stanch this hemorrhage and bring British accounts into balance, but the balance is precarious. Britain is like a drowning man who has finally got his head above water but who is still far from shore, and moreover is buoyed up by various artificial devices which cannot last long.

Why?

This is the sixty-four-dollar question which, in Ottawa's opinion, the British will have to answer. The Canadian Government, and particularly Finance Minister Douglas Abbott, are convinced there is no use trying to help Britain until the answer is found and acted upon. Financial blood transfusions will do no permanent good until the wound is located and bound up.

In Canada's view, the reason for Britain's plight is that the vastly increased production is being devoted to the wrong things and exported to the wrong places. British manufacturers ever since the war have been serving a sheltered market. They have sold to India and been paid out of the so-called "sterling balances," the war debt Britain owes there; India is uninterested in the price of the goods, since in effect she is getting them free of charge. They have sold to the home



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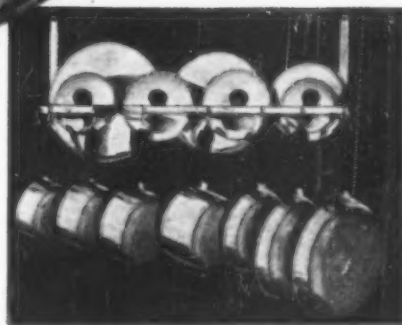
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market and the sterling area, where imports from the dollar area cannot be bought—and therefore the British manufacturer has had no price competition. As a result, British production costs are too high. Too many British goods could not compete with American and Canadian goods, either in the North American markets or in such "third markets" as Latin America. But the British manufacturer does not suffer from this failure to compete. He has a protected market where he can sell everything he can produce, at his own price.

Ottawa thinks the only cure for this situation is to remove or diminish the protection. Take down the complicated structure of dollar import restrictions, preference tariffs and so on; let British goods compete on equal terms with other goods in the markets of the world. Britain would then find out which lines can be sold and which cannot, and would no longer be spending effort and material on goods which will never earn anything but blocked money. Removal of protection would force the manufacturer to great efforts toward maximum efficiency. Other measures might be required to give the same type of stimulus to individual workers.

British wages are not high by North American standards, but they do buy more than the wage earner actually earns. He is not producing as much as he is consuming. It sounds unbearably sanctimonious for anyone on this rich, fat, lucky continent to tell a weary austerity-plagued Briton he must work harder, but the cold fact is that he must.

Subsidized food and artificially low rent, free medical service and "utility" goods sold below cost, cheap money and easy credit—all these things conspire to make it unnecessary for the individual worker to do as much as he must do if Britain is ever to break even. They make it possible for the engineering trades to ban overtime work—the men can afford to get on without overtime. One harsh but effective way to get more production per man is to let domestic prices go up, so that each man has to do more work to buy the same standard of living.

This policy is simple in theory but forbiddingly difficult in practice. The British Government was elected last year with a mandate to bring prices down, not up. The Labour Party, itself badly split, is looking for a unifying issue around which all its factions could close ranks and recapture power. It will take a high degree of political courage to do the things that have to be done.

"I don't think the British will do as much as Doug Abbott would like them to do," said a Canadian official sardonically, "but I think they will do as much as Doug would do if he had to do it himself."

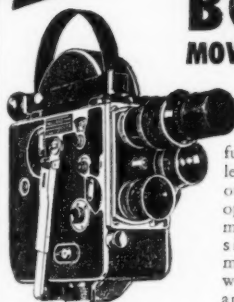
If that forecast turns out to be correct then Canada will be willing to help in any way she can. "We can't expect Britain to bear the full shock alone," one minister said. "If the British will come part way, Canada will have to go part way to meet them."

Exactly what Canada might do to "go part way" he didn't specify. This kind of thing is kept as secret as the budget, for the same reason—with an advance tip a speculator could make millions in the international money market. But, in one way or another, Canada will have to gamble some dollars on the long-term strength and soundness of the British pound and the British nation. At the moment the odds may seem rather long, but it's still a fairly good bet. ★

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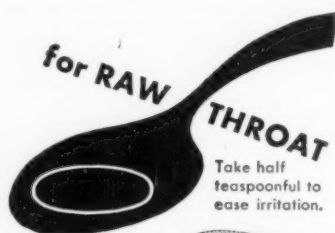
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

and Pearl Harbor; and ruined the reputation in the U. S. of the Vichy French with a dossier so full of boudoir gleanings that President Roosevelt described it as "the best bedtime story I have ever read."

When a treacherous British seaman offered to sell the German consul in

New York news of convoy movements it was BSC that produced evidence which led to his execution. When Sir Henry Tizard took British scientific secrets to Washington and found himself in the company of two men he took for FBI agents, BSC discovered they were Nazi spies. When Noel Coward, the renowned British author-actor-composer, was bitterly criticized in the House of Commons for being out of England in her hour of peril he was doing highly secret work for BSC.

Stephenson, who crossed the Atlantic forty-three times during the war, had a

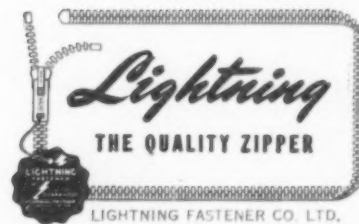
habit of turning up at the scene of any crisis. By chance he was in Ottawa on the night that Igor Gouzenko, stalked by superiors who were determined to bump him off, fled the Russian Embassy and pleaded for political asylum in Canada. Frenzied with fear Gouzenko watched the Department of External Affairs hesitate on account of the immense diplomatic and political consequences involved. Insiders think it was Stephenson who urged that Gouzenko be given shelter, and thus opened the dam gates to that flood of bizarre information which led to the



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spy trials of 1946, and the subsequent arrest of the atom-bomb traitor Alan Nunn May.

In addition to his secret work during the war Stephenson played the classic Canadian political role of hinge between London and Washington. Through him most of the facilities of the centuries-old British Secret Service were made available to the United States.

At the end of war J. Edgar Hoover, Chief of the U. S. Federal Bureau of Investigation, wrote Stephenson a letter of gratitude for the tips he had received from the United Kingdom on

matters of internal security and General William J. Donovan, head of the U. S. Office of Strategic Services, said: "Bill Stephenson taught us all we ever knew about foreign intelligence." In Intelligence circles during the war Donovan and Stephenson were popularly known, respectively, as Big Bill and Little Bill.

Ernest Cuneo, who was wartime liaison officer between Stephenson's BSC and Donovan's OSS, and is today president of the North American Newspaper Alliance, says: "Stephenson is the only man who enjoyed the

unqualified confidence of both Churchill and Roosevelt."

Robert E. Sherwood, deputy director of the U. S. Office of War Information, frequently consulted Stephenson on how Churchill might react to certain passages in speeches he was writing for Roosevelt.

When, in 1946, President Truman awarded Stephenson the Medal For Merit this coveted honor went, for the first time in history, to a non-American.

William Samuel Stephenson was born near Winnipeg fifty-six years ago. Between the wars he spent most of his

time in England where he owned a Tudor farm on the Thames at Marlow and a town house in New Cavendish Street, one of the most aristocratic quarters of London's West End. After the war he retired for several years to Jamaica. Today he lives with his American wife in a penthouse with a fabulous view atop one of the most expensive blocks in New York.

On Wall Street, Threadneedle Street, Bay Street and St. James Street, Stephenson today is known for talents and sentiments far removed from the orbit of the cloak and dagger. For six months this year he was chairman of the Newfoundland and Labrador Corporation, a crown company formed to bring new industries to the tenth province. In that time he cajoled enough new investors to Newfoundland to keep Premier Joseph Smallwood busy for the next three years. "The idea," Stephenson said, "is to provide an extra bottle of milk for the kids."

Stephenson is the originator and mainspring of World Commerce, a British-Canadian-American company at 25 Broad Street, New York, which, by barter agreements and dollar guarantees, is trying to get around currency restrictions now choking world trade. Recently the Christian Science Monitor quoted an Italian businessman as saying: "If there were a hundred World Commerces there would be no need for the Marshall Plan."

Stephenson is a slight erect figure with the springy walk of a lightweight boxer and there is a faint hint of the ring in his rugged countenance. He has a ruddy complexion, crisp grey hair and a mouth that slips easily into a wry grin.

His eyes, so dark it is impossible to determine their precise color at three feet, have great impact. They bear steadily on the visitor, not in any unfriendly way but in a mood that seems to shade back and forth from whimsical observation through speculation to vigilance. It takes a strong personality to hold his gaze. Charles Vining, recently retired president of the Newsprint Association of Canada and a wartime lieutenant of Stephenson's, says: "I would hate to be in the same room thinking of something I didn't want him to know."

Many stories are told of Stephenson's powers of perception. During the war a Canadian girl secretary who had pricked her forefinger and covered it with a tiny square of plaster entered his office. Without looking up from his desk Stephenson said, "What have you been trying to do? Kill yourself?"

The pace at which he reads is also legendary. "I've watched him reading a novel," says a close friend, T. G. Drew-Brook, a Toronto stockbroker, "and he reminds you of a man riffling through an index for a reference."

One girl on his wartime staff handed him several sheets of closely typed manuscript. He flicked the pages, grunted and handed it back. "Surely," she said, "you can't have read it properly?" He gave her a succinct résumé of its contents, reciting several passages verbatim.

Although he is reticent, Stephenson, a hearty drinker of dry Martinis, is gregarious at heart. Among his many friends are Louis St. Laurent, Brooke Claxton, Dana Wilgress (former Canadian high commissioner in London), the Aga Khan, Henry R. Luce (editor-in-chief of Time Inc.) and the British newspaper barons Kemsley, Camrose, Rothermere and Beaverbrook. He also plays host to scores of obscure people he has met and liked during his travels.

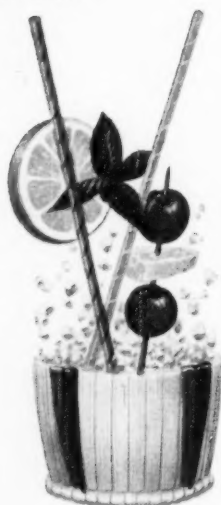
Stephenson rises each morning at five. Every day he takes a long walk. He is a crack shot with a pistol and

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loves hunting and fishing. He has shot tiger and black panther in central India and Kashmir. Today he hunts and fishes in Prince Edward Island, one of his favorite resorts. He reads a lot and collects books, curios and paintings. Lady Stephenson is a quiet gracious woman, the former Mary French Simmons, of Springfield, Tenn., whom he met on an Atlantic liner in 1924 and married soon afterward. Friends say they are a devoted couple. They have no children.

In spite of his multitude of associates in high places Stephenson rarely gets into print. Throughout the war he was never mentioned by the Press of either Britain or the U. S. His personal clippings for thirty years would not cover four sheets of foolscap. He dislikes talking himself and is adept at making others garrulous.

He never speaks to writers of his early life or of his wartime experiences. Most of BSC's chronicles still remain under Top Secret labels in the archives of Ottawa, London and Washington. Even so, from a wide variety of sources in Europe and America, it has been possible to piece together a picture of Stephenson's extraordinary career.

He was born in Point Douglas, just outside Winnipeg, in 1896. His father owned a lumber yard and, as a boy, Stephenson liked to tinker around with the machinery. When the First World War began he was eighteen and still at Argyle High School, Winnipeg. He was excellent at mathematics, manual training and boxing. He went straight from school into the Royal Canadian Engineers and was commissioned before his nineteenth birthday. Within a year he had won the Military Cross in France. Later he was gassed, and he spent his convalescence learning to fly. He transferred to a Royal Flying Corps squadron in which the Toronto stock-broker Drew-Brook was serving.

"When he arrived I was orderly officer," says Drew-Brook. "I reported to the CO that he looked so sick I didn't think he would be much good. He was an unspectacular pilot until he got badly shot up. Then he was ready to take on the entire German air force."

Stephenson shot down twenty planes in six weeks. One of his victims was Lothar von Richthofen, brother of the famous Baron von Richthofen. Early in 1918 he went to the aid of a French two-seater aircraft which was engaged by five Germans. In the whirling dog-fight the French gunner failed to distinguish him from the foe and disabled his machine with a burst of fire. Stephenson bailed out over German territory and was captured. The contrite French gave him the Croix de Guerre with Palm.

Behind barbed wire in Holzminden, Germany, he excelled at the daily contest to see who could steal most from the guards. Among Stephenson's loot was a can opener, so cunningly designed he began to brood over it. Because of wartime difficulties it had been patented only in Germany, Austria and Turkey. When Stephenson escaped some weeks later he took the can opener to England and patented an improvement of it in every country in the world.

After the war he spent a year or so in Winnipeg. But soon royalties from the can opener netted him enough money to return to England and try his own hand at inventing. During the Twenties he developed and financed a device which enabled the London Daily Mail to transmit the first publishable photograph from one point to another. The twenty-eight-year-old tycoon then revealed himself as a prophet when he told excited reporters: "In a few years everybody will have moving pictures

in their own homes radiated from a central point. It is simply a matter of speeding up the wire-photo principle about twenty-five times."

Before he was thirty he had made a million dollars and married Mary Simmons, who was wealthy in her own right. The early Thirties saw him in control of a score of companies.

He was Sound City Films, which produced more than fifty percent of British movies; he was General Aircraft Ltd., which created the twin-engine low-wing Monospar and won Britain's classic King's Cup in 1934; he was

Earl's Court Ltd., which built the world's biggest stadium and exhibition hall in the London suburb of that name; he was the Pressed Steel Company Ltd., which made ninety percent of British car bodies for such firms as Morris, Humber, Hillman and Austin; he was Catalina Ltd., one of the first manufacturers of plastics in the United Kingdom.

In the middle Thirties he was operating on five continents and in touch with the biggest banking houses on earth. He was already telling his associates that democratic capitalism

could be saved only by developing backward areas and raising standards of living. With the Aga Khan he financed new schemes in the Middle East and India. He traveled widely and was entertained by ambassadors, prime ministers and industrialists. In the diplomatic salons of Europe he stood quietly in a corner, smiling in his characteristic wry way, inclining his head, encouraging people to talk . . . talk . . . talk. Then he took his leave politely. As he fitted together the jigsaw of information he saw the pattern of impending war.

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LH-52-49

Stanley Baldwin brushed off Stephenson's warnings. But the Foreign Office listened to his stories of the secret factories that were spewing out new arms for the Reich. For several years before the war he made trips to Germany at his own expense, ostensibly on business. His access to the balance sheets of foreign companies enabled him to form an accurate idea of what happened to the raw materials that Germany was piping in.

In 1936 Stephenson gave Churchill proof that Germany was spending the equal of four thousand million dollars a year on guns, tanks and submarines. All through Chamberlain's appeasing term Stephenson is said to have supplied Churchill with facts and figures which gave punch to the great orator's speeches and set mighty forces stirring behind the tranquil façade of England. In late 1939, after the outbreak of hostilities, Stephenson was in Helsinki when Russia invaded Finland. No details of the trip may be given. Associates say, however, that Stephenson carried out one of the most delicate missions of the war "at great personal risk."

When Churchill became Prime Minister in 1940 and sought a man to co-ordinate British counter-espionage, anti-sabotage, economic warfare, political warfare and secret intelligence in North and South America, he thought of the astute and well-informed Canadian, Stephenson. Just before the fall of France Stephenson reached New York and set up an organization which was to become the eyes, ears and nose on this side of the Atlantic of such secret cadres as PID (Political Intelligence Department), Political Warfare Executive (Ministry of Information), MI5 (War Office), Naval Intelligence (the Admiralty), Special Branch (Scotland Yard), Special Operations Executive (Ministry of Economic Warfare) and Security Executive (Ministry of Transport).

The scope of his responsibilities demanded specialists in many fields. Because he knew Canadians would get on well with Americans he turned to his own country. He recruited scientists, industrialists, economists, geologists, farmers, stockbrokers, schoolmasters, newspapermen, policemen and many other types from all over Canada. The military personnel ranged from admiral, general and air marshal down to the lowest noncommissioned ranks. BSC, as it became known, was in touch with British intelligence agents from the Arctic to the Antarctic. Before the war was over the headquarters staff in New York exceeded three thousand.

Stephenson was not without sage advice. In a Wall Street banking house he met Sir William Wiseman, a cultured, cryptic, bloodhound of a man who twenty-six years before had foiled Franz von Papen's crackpot plot to invade Canada from the United States and who had dueled successfully with Franz von Rintelen, the German master spy who organized the Long Tom explosion.

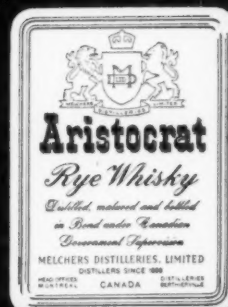
In tribute to Stephenson today Sir William Wiseman says: "He had a much more difficult task than I. The Germans were far better organized in World War Two. I gave him what help I could."

Stephenson reached the United States at a time when Dunkirk, the blitz and the U-boats had shaken American confidence in the Commonwealth's ability to pull through alone. He told Roosevelt: "The arsenals of Britain are empty. But she will win out. The British do not kneel easily."

One of his first jobs was to offset the propagandist influences of pro-Nazi groups financed from Berlin and this he



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did by disseminating Britain's point of view in circles extending from the theatre to embassies.

In an old farmhouse near Toronto he had BSC train secret agents for operations behind the German lines. Hundreds of Canadians, most of them of Central European origin, volunteered for courses in parachute jumping, weapon training, unarmed combat, knife play, use of explosives, lock picking, shadowing techniques, ciphers and radio communications.

Final exercises were held in central Toronto. Operating as if in hostile territory the trainees had to find themselves shelter, set up a secret radio and begin gathering and broadcasting information. Many of them were picked up by Canadian counter-espionage forces, quietly released when BSC explained their true role, and taken back for further schooling.

The majority dropped into Central Europe and provided the Allies with useful information. Many were never heard of again.

Stephenson's Ontario school tutored FBI men and other Americans who became the foundation of Donovan's OSS. It also drilled in anti-sabotage tactics many British and trusted foreign executives of industrial plants in South America.

The Latin American republics were the scene of tortuous undercover struggles between Stephenson's men and German agents. Oil, tin, bauxite, antimony, mica, balsa wood, rubber, sisal, copper, quinine and many other raw materials coveted by both sides brought clandestine economic warfare to its zenith there. Stephenson's policy was to unearth the German agents, prove them guilty of breaking the laws of the country in which they were operating and get the South American governments to take action against them.

Americans who served in a liaison capacity cite one case from BSC's record which is typical of its highly co-ordinated work.

In 1942 a series of radio signals emanating from a man who signed himself Apfel were intercepted by BSC monitors in Chile. There were references to many German names including Hirth, Braun and Gersten and a mention of the need for more funds to start work in the northern republics.

British agents in South America were alerted and were able to learn that Hirth, Braun and Gersten were members of a sabotage ring and the mysterious Apfel was their chief.

Information on Apfel was difficult to get. BSC followed many false leads. Commercial, industrial and diplomatic contacts were questioned discreetly over and again; enquiries extended to Peru, Uruguay, Argentina and Brazil.

Finally a BSC informant in a German bank in Argentina reported that Apfel was the nickname of a man named Von Appen who was head of the Hamburg

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Amerika Line in Valparaiso. Later the same informant saw a German sea captain by the name of Lange remove what looked like seven large tubes from a strong box held by Von Appen in a German bank in Buenos Aires.

Stephenson's agents got hold of the "tubes," which were sabotage devices. This led to the arrest of Von Appen by Chilean police. He confessed nothing, but was restricted in his movements to a small village. Chilean surveillance, however, was not very effective. In 1945 a Chilean ship blew up. Evidence pointed to Von Appen again. Under

rigorous cross-examination he confirmed BSC's suspicions: He had been assigned to destroy South American installations of value to the Allies, including the Cubatao power station which supplied electricity to the Brazilian cities of Santos and San Paulo.

There were simpler and more colorful operations.

Before the United States entered the war the British were anxious to immobilize about twenty German and Italian ships which were preparing to sail from the Mexican ports of Tampico

and Vera Cruz. No British vessels were available to intercept them. A Stephenson aide mentioned this to the U. S. Navy. As the enemy ships moved into the Atlantic by night U. S. warships suddenly turned searchlights on them. Two of the German ships were immediately scuttled by their crews. The rest fled back into Mexican ports, where they remained until the end of the war. Thus, without a shot being fired or a breach of neutrality committed, the United States won a naval battle for Britain.

In May 1941 the government of

Bolivia was pro-British. But its military attaché in Berlin, Major Elias Belmonte, was fanatically pro-Nazi. BSC learned that Belmonte, with Nazi aid, was planning to establish a Hitlerian regime in Bolivia. It was important to confront the Bolivian government with proof of this conspiracy.

A British secret agent in Portugal reported that plans for the coup were in possession of a German courier who was bound by air for Bolivia. His first port of call would be Recife, in Brazil. BSC agents in Brazil were ordered to intercept the courier and steal the plans.

For three weeks the airport at Recife was watched, but BSC had no luck.

On June 18, 1941, a woman who had been planted as secretary to a German agent named Fritz Fenthol, in Rio, informed BSC that her boss was leaving for Buenos Aires and thence for Bolivia with an envelope addressed to the German minister in La Paz.

In Buenos Aires Fenthol called at a German bank. In the elevator a BSC man picked his pocket. The documents proved to be the detailed plans by which Belmonte hoped to stage his revolt and seize power. They were presented to the Bolivian government.

Belmonte was arrested. The Bolivian minister to Berlin was withdrawn. The German minister in La Paz was kicked out. And Bolivian raw materials continued to flow smoothly to the British.

One of BSC's cases was that of George Thomas Armstrong. Armstrong served as fifth engineer in a British merchantman. He had several convictions against him in the United Kingdom for petty thefts. He saw in the war nothing more than a chance to make some easy money. He thought it would be a good idea to sell the Germans news of convoy movements. He bluntly approached German agents in Lisbon. They suspected he was a counter-espionage agent and would have nothing to do with him.

Armstrong failed to take into account the fact that on every British merchant ship, and in many foreign ones, there was a man working under the title of Observer, whose duty was to keep his eyes and ears open on the lower deck. The Observer did not miss Armstrong's visit to the Germans. When the ship docked the next time in New York the Observer reported, as was customary, to BSC. BSC watched Armstrong visit the German consul in New York. The consul was not so careful as his Lisbon compatriots. He bought some information from Armstrong. Evidence of the deal was procured by BSC. No attempt was made to apprehend Armstrong on American territory. When he stepped off his ship in England, however, he was arrested. On July 9, 1941, he was hanged in Wandsworth Jail, London, the first British traitor of the war to be executed.

Germany was desperate for industrial diamonds and, deprived of legitimate sources by the British blockade, Nazi agents built up a huge smuggling ring. Sailors and passengers in neutral ships made small fortunes by getting diamonds through British naval control ports in the bowls of pipes, false heels, cigarettes, chewing gum, balls of wool, needles, walking sticks with trick ferrules, and many more crafty places.

Most of the smuggled diamonds came from South America and reached Germany via Portugal. It proved impossible to choke the pipe line at the receiving end in Lisbon, so transmitting points in Uruguay were tackled. Inspectors W. Rudkin and Ivor Reece, of Scotland Yard, were sent to Uruguay to work in co-ordination with Stephen-

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CONFESSION

The truth, although no one
has said it
In abstaining from deeds
indiscreet,
Is that conscience gets most
of the credit
Which rightly belongs to
cold feet.

HELEN GORN SUTIN

son's outfit. The traffic was choked in a few months. Toward the end of the war British agents in Germany reported many factories were working at half capacity because of the diamond famine.

The spider's web extending from Stephenson's BSC headquarters in Rockefeller Center to a legion of scattered undercover men had at its core the most efficient communications system in the world. A Canadian electronics expert, whose name cannot be given, designed equipment which coded and decoded messages in seconds, thereby saving hours of human effort. BSC business in code made up more than fifty percent of the traffic on the normal trans-Atlantic cables and kept a secret transmitter in Canada operating at full capacity day and night.

In 1943 a German submarine surfaced off the coast of Uruguay. It broke radio silence for a few seconds to report its position in code. The message was picked up by a BSC radio monitor on the coast. It was transmit-

ted to New York. It went through the decoding machine and was passed on to the Admiralty. The Admiralty informed a Royal Navy task force at sea. Only three minutes elapsed between the submarine's first broadcast and the receipt of the signal by the RN destroyers. Within half an hour the submarine was sunk with depth charges.

Stephenson's opposition was not lacking in skill and daring. Early in the war Sir Henry Tizard arrived in the United States with a carload of British secrets in nuclear fission, radar, proximity fuses and penicillin. It was Stephenson's responsibility to protect him. When Tizard reported to Stephenson that two FBI men were already looking after him Stephenson made enquiries. The supposed FBI men were German spies.

Stephenson personally directed operations which led to the exposure of espionage by Vichy French diplomats who functioned in the United States until Pearl Harbor.

The U. S. relations with Vichy were useful because, in Churchill's words, they opened "a window" on occupied France. But the pro-Nazi activities of Vichy officials in the United States gave Britain many misgivings. Until De Gaulle, for example, seized the French islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, off the south coast of Newfoundland, they fed a radio station in these colonies with propaganda designed to breach British-Canadian-American accord.

Stephenson's staff produced photo-static copies of letters, receipts, memoranda and other incriminating documents. Among those implicated was Gaston Henri-Haye, Vichy ambassador to the U. S. The French appetite for gallantry was exploited to the full.



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Mistresses of many Vichy officials reported confidences to BSC. The dossier, relished by Roosevelt as "bed-time reading," did much to destroy the illusion of Vichy as a pitiful but honorable government striving to preserve the remnants of a glorious civilization.

Stephenson also helped to expose the chain of companies operated throughout the world by the German trust I. G. Farben. BSC agents in the United States photographed instructions from the Reich that goods they manu-

factured must be labeled "Made In Germany" and exported to South America to give industrialists the impression that, in spite of the war, Hitler was in "business as usual." Confronted with Stephenson's evidence, the U. S. Custodian of Alien Property seized \$1,500 millions worth of German assets.

One of the best examples of British-American co-operation before Pearl Harbor took place in Yugoslavia. At the end of January 1941 Yugoslavia, Britain's remaining hope in the Balkans, nervously wavered toward the

Axis by signing a pact of amity with Hungary, one of the junior partners. Prince Paul, the Regent, refused to receive Anthony Eden.

In Yugoslav air force headquarters in Belgrade, however, there was a man named General Richard Simovic whose office was the secret centre of opposition to the pro-Axis government policy and to German ambitions. Stephenson suggested that it would be a good idea for the U. S. to send an emissary to Simovic.

General William J. Donovan, later commander of OSS, was chosen.

Donovan would have exceeded the President's constitutional authority had he committed the United States to helping Simovic. But, at a social function, Donovan let drop a few calculated indiscretions, suggested by Stephenson, which electrified Simovic into action. The indiscretions convinced Simovic that the United States was now one hundred percent behind Britain and that therefore Britain could not lose.

On March 27 Simovic seized power. Young King Peter escaped from regency custody down a rain pipe. Prince Paul was banished. British flags flew everywhere. People danced in the streets. The German minister was publicly insulted. The *Führer* was astonished and infuriated. On April 6 he invaded Yugoslavia after a crushing air raid on Belgrade. Simovic's forces were overwhelmed, but the diversion delayed the German drive into Russia by six weeks, which may have had a decisive effect on the Wehrmacht's plan to take Moscow before snowfall.

Stephenson advised Donovan throughout the growth of the OSS, which reached a strength of twelve thousand. He also co-operated with and never lost the friendship of J. Edgar Hoover, of the FBI, who resented Donovan's assumption of counter-espionage responsibilities overseas. Stephenson likewise had the friendship of Robert E. Sherwood, the American playwright and deputy director of the Office of War Information, which had its catfights with OSS.

Stephenson's role in high-level negotiations between Churchill and Roosevelt is well defined by Ernest Cuneo, of NANA. "He always knew," says Cuneo, "what neither of them could ever give. Therefore the other never asked. He cut out the customary diplomatic rigmarole whereby one statesman says to another: 'If I asked you this in public what would you say?'"

Throughout the war Stephenson was at his desk twenty hours a day, seven days a week. His staff wondered when he slept. Friends say his tremendous demonstration of endurance aged and exhausted him.

At two o'clock one morning, during the New York dim-out, the senior BSC staff on the midnight-to-eight shift saw him flit from the office and were thankful he proposed getting some rest. At three-forty-five he telephoned from his room in Dorset House, a hotel across the way, to say that a chink of light was showing under one of the office blinds. At five he was back, shaved, changed, spruced up, ready for the next day's work.

Stephenson was immensely proud of his Canadian female staff. He took a personal interest in making sure they all got decent quarters in Manhattan. One of his instructions to them was that they should never give anyone the impression they were in secret work. For the protection of BSC most of the girls voluntarily lived limited social lives. Throughout the war only two girls were guilty of indiscretions. Over-



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awed by the importance of their work
these two began to cultivate an air of
intrigue. When this was spotted they
were sent home.

One of the most important members
of the staff was an elderly Scottish
woman named Esther Stewart Drum-
mond Richardson. As head of the
coding department she had the reputa-
tion of a slave driver. When she became
fatally ill in New York shortly after the
war Stephenson sat up all night at her
bedside during her last hours of life.

On D-Day Stephenson flew as a rear
gunner in a bomber over the invasion
coast. He was annoyed because he
encountered no German aircraft to
shoot at. But he found some consol-
ation in the fact that the huge armada
below, about to close the ring around
Hitler, owed much of its force to his
own efforts.

For a time after the war, according to
a close friend, nothing seemed im-
portant to him.

From 1946 to early 1951 he lived in
semi-retirement in a beautiful home in
Montego Bay, Jamaica. He ate like a
bird and lost his once-famous palate for
vintage French wine. The primitive
dwellings of the natives touched his
pity. He surprised many famous guests
by inviting them to accompany him on a
visit to a neighbor who turned out to
be a mulatto farmer with whom he chat-
ted for hours. He
sometimes hired two
hundred natives to
come and sing to his
friends and every
Christmas he threw
a party for between
four and five hun-
dred. He built his
native neighbors a
fine new church.

Gradually he re-
covered his interest
in business. He took
new industries to
Jamaica and New-
foundland. John
Pepper, vice-presi-
dent of World Com-
merce, one of the
companies Stephe-
nson originated, says:
"He is a great Can-
adian and has done
more than any other
man in the world
markets to bring
Canada's enormous
potential to the
notice of international
investors."

His postwar ac-
tivities have extend-
ed behind the iron
curtain. A typical
transaction of World
Commerce took place
last year in the Bal-
kans. Yugoslavia
and Bulgaria were
short of dollars and
short of medicine.
Each country, how-
ever, had about three
hundred thousand
dollars' worth of pa-
prika on their farms.
World Commerce ex-
changed a year's sup-
ply of penicillin and
sulfa for the paprika,
which they then sold
on other markets.
World Commerce
works on a commis-
sion basis but some-
times it foregoes a
profit if it feels it can
help an impoverished
or backward country
by giving it the

facilities of its international connec-
tions.

Occasionally Stephenson shows signs
of nostalgia for the cloak-and-dagger
past. A few weeks ago in New York he
was visited on business by a man he had
never met before. The conversation
was interrupted by the telephone bell.
Stephenson removed the receiver and
grunted from time to time as he
evidently listened to a long report.
Suddenly he said, "Just a moment. I
want you to read this over to someone
I have with me here."

With considerable surprise the visitor
took the proffered receiver and then, in
amazement, listened to a secretary's
voice reading him a detailed dossier on
his own life from the moment he was
born in a country overseas.


Because Stephenson was resident in a
British colony when he was offered the
title of Knight Bachelor he was able to
accept without embarrassing the Cana-
dian Government. Most of his Cana-
dian friends were delighted and many
thought he ought to have received a
peerage.

Stephenson, however, is more proud
of a comment written against his own
name in green Churchillian ink, on a list
of candidates for honors which was sub-
mitted to George VI. It read: "This
one is dear to my heart." ★

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awards ... the first Canadian medal-winning
champagne in history!

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it a celebrated occasion—serve President Cham-
pagne—Canada's fine champagne that is fermented
and aged in the same traditional, painstaking man-
ner as are the greatest champagnes of Europe. And
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Medal at the First International Wine
Show—Sacramento, California, 1950.
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THE "REVOLT" OF THE ARMY

Bruce Hutchison's Oct. 15 article, Mackenzie King and the "Revolt" of the Army, is among the finest political reporting I've seen anywhere. At last the truth about that King person is out! Too bad it had to come out so many years too late. If Hutchison's book doesn't send a wave of anger and revulsion at political duplicity coursing through Canada, I'll be surprised. —D. A. C. McGill, Great Neck, N.Y.

● I am sorry that a brilliant writer like Hutchison should lower himself to smear one who, whether we agreed with him or not, is looked upon as one of Canada's greatest statesmen . . . To accuse Mr. King of not telling the truth is something foreign to his reputation. —W. M. Ivel, Vancouver.

● Your article makes it plain that, after accepting conscription under duress, King claimed he had saved Canada. It was his bungling and hesitancy which nearly lost Canada. —R. E. Ingall, Kingston, Ont.

● If it is true that some officers were ready to quit it is true of only a few and those few could have quit and be damned. The great majority of men were in the army because they were good Canadians, voluntarily offering themselves to duty. Most men knew, and still know, a duty greater than any allegiance to a particular man in Ottawa or elsewhere . . . King could have made himself immortal by granting us the sense we were born with. He only failed because he thought he was the only good Canadian—him and his heap of rubble and seances. Too bad. —H. J. Giesbrecht, Halifax.

● Bruce Hutchison will no doubt recall many painful memories for veterans. The fighter pilots of 2nd Tactical Air Force will remember the German radio singing derisive songs to us to the effect that, "King will make up his mind about conscription *manana manana manana*" and also that the Zombies would fight to the last volunteer. The late Mr. King made a heroic contribution to the making of Canada into a nation. His one outstanding shameful act was the conscription debacle. Conscription should be put on the books now so that in wartime there will be no precious time lost. —Edmund McKay, Toronto.

A Rah! From the Republic

Hats off to Maclean's and to Ian Sclanders (The Rollicking Republic That Doesn't Exist, Oct. 15) for making the Republic of Madawaska known, and especially its capital, Edmundston. —J. A. Hebert Jr., Edmundston, N.B.

Taking to The Dirt

I was greatly interested in Fred Edsforth's excellent article, How To Live Through A Crash (Oct. 1). However the reference to "taking to the dirt" is not easy to do in some cars. If there are skid marks for a hundred and fifty feet on the pavement it is

probable that the wheels were locked by "panic pressure" and if the front wheels are locked the steering wheel is useless. Skilled drivers allow for this and ease off on the brakes, but how many of the people driving modern cars know about this feature of the present high percentage of braking on the front wheels? —A. M. Allen, Edmonton.

● Motorists shy away from a remedy which would save thousands of lives yearly: a device to be placed on all cars to limit the speed. Until this is done the slaughter will continue. —H. C. Thompson, Belleville, Ont.

● Were it feasible I would fit safety belts to my car tomorrow. Persuade a manufacturer to come forward with a safety belt and ask motorists who feel as I do to write to him indicating their willingness to have belts fitted as soon as they became available at a reasonable price. —E. S. Brand, Ottawa.

A Ticket For Texas

Would Robert Buckham please enlighten me as to whether our Texan visitors (Sept. 15 cover) received their



parking ticket? —Mrs. A. C. Northover, Corner Brook, Nfld.

● What does Buckham say? —G. B. Cooke, Renfrew, Ont.

Artist Buckham says: Now that the cop has written out the ticket, they get it, unquestionably. But there's a happy ending anyway because the Texan and his wife are leaving town that same night.

38-DAY CRUISES TO SOUTH AMERICA

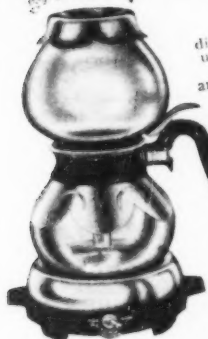
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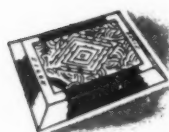


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World's Finest Coffee-Makers
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Lightest — longest steaming! Sensational "Standard Model", "Deluxe Model" with wet-and-dry switch.



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Efficient, safe, with lovely quilted cover. 3 Fixed Heats — Deluxe and Standard Models



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Models for all purposes — Kitchens, hallways — long and short tubes.



Distinctive SILEX Carafe
for smart coffee serving, 8 and 12 cup sizes.



Special Gift Sets
offering new beauty, new convenience... attractively gift-boxed.

Other smart, practical Silex Gifts — Mixies, Coffee Warmers, Cheesekeepers —

SOLD BY DEALERS EVERYWHERE



The Polished Jaques

Congratulations to Jan Tyrwhitt for her polished and professional first article on Edna Jaques (Rhymes In a Ten-Cent Scribbler, Sept. 1). I've always been curious about our Canadian Edgar Guest, and Miss Tyrwhitt has given us the facts with admirable impartiality. I admire anyone who can make a living from poetry in this country, but I hope it isn't true that one must necessarily write homespun verse in order to do so.—Weymouth Robinson, Vancouver.

An Internal Complication

In a magazine which prides itself on being strictly Canadian, I was amazed that Wallace MacDonald referred in his article, The Voice of Doom (Sept. 15), to the Department of Internal Revenue, instead of to the Department of National Revenue. Possibly a small point, but it is indicative of the influence of our neighbor to the south.—R. W. Wettlaufer, Hamilton.

● Allow me to congratulate you on having moved seventy-five percent of the contents of Maclean's out to Canada and getting away from parading a supposedly Canadian magazine under ninety-nine percent Old Country material... Possibly in time you may go all the way and even wave a Canadian flag.—Neil P. Reid, Fort William, Ont.

● Why don't Canadian magazines and newspapers solicit articles from Soviet writers giving the Russian point of view on current events? Should we not demonstrate that we are not hypocrites when we say that we believe in freedom of the Press? The points of view of our own political writers should be printed side-by-side with the Russian writers' stories. I don't want to give Communism a boost; I merely would like us to demonstrate that our democratic ideals are not just talk.—Jack C. Spurr, Brantford, Ont.

Something for Everyone

Maclean's has something for the whole family that the whole family can enjoy together. Our two boys (aged eight and ten) not only chuckle over



the cartoons and jokes, but enjoy many of the articles as well, although they don't always read them for themselves. I always have to make a supreme effort to dispose of the three-year-old copies, there's so much good reading I would like to save. I don't know where we would find such a wealth of information for our youngsters, than in a stack of Maclean's.—Mrs. H. Edwards, Drumheller, Alta.

● Your magazine is tops. — J. J. Cooligan, Laniel, Que.

● An English friend who now lives in Canada last Christmas made me a present of a year's subscription to Maclean's and I feel I must write and tell you how very much I enjoy it.

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Better Tasting!**
BECAUSE



is **'COOL CONTROL'**

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"COOL CONTROL" brewing extracts only the top goodness from Dow quality ingredients by eliminating all adverse temperature variations in the brewing process.

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—use strong paper

Tie it right



—with strong cord

Address it right



—Please Print or write clearly and always give COMPLETE address. Include Postal Zone number on mail to Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto and Vancouver.

Mail it right



—Play safe. Have your Post Office weigh your parcels and avoid double postage due. You can now send Air Parcel Post up to 25 lbs. Ask about this fast delivery service.



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● for last
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CANADA POST OFFICE

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A sharp flavour... in cheddar cheese that spreads smoothly!



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THE AKRON 4400 SUNSET BLVD. LOS ANGELES 27, CALIF.

Your stories and articles are so different to our English magazines (which I also like) and make a pleasant change as well as giving me an insight into Canadian life.—Miss Jennie Oliver, London, Eng.

They Are More Balmly

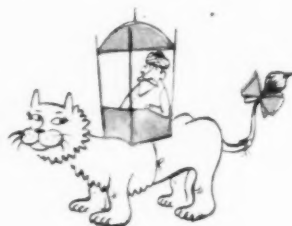
We of the most southerly community in Canada would like to register as mild a protest as our weather against your article *The Hottest Spot in Canada* (Oct. 1). We feel that WE have the balmiest spot in Canada. The only proof we can offer you of the wonders of Pelee Island is come to see us.—A. A. Nield, Pelee Island, Ont.

We did. See *Canada's Deep South*, by Gordon Sinclair, *Maclean's* Sept. 1, 1946.

Leo on The Shelf

Re McKenzie Porter's article, *Leo the Moth-Eaten Lion* (October 1). I am wondering what that THING was that we took for a lion in Riverdale Zoo on Tuesday, Sept. 9, 1941. My husband climbed up on the railing and took a snapshot of IT. IT was sunning itself on the shelf as lions do and it surely looked mighty like a lion.—Mary I. Gaddy, Glanford, Ont.

● McKenzie Porter makes natural history: "The zoo got an exquisite two-year-old female lioness, a real jungle-bred Indian lioness, a great rarity."



Absolutely the first specimen of an Indian lion!—Karl Schoenijahn, New Liskeard, Ont.

Encyclopedia Britannica and *Royal Ontario Museum* give a unanimous verdict for McKenzie Porter.

Spread So Thin

Your editorial *Why Are We Afraid To Grow?* (Oct. 1) should be posted in every Canadian home; if no room is available, take the Queen's picture down. Fourteen million people spread so thin over a tremendous area does not look like a very exciting domestic market.—L. Brock Coleman, Warren, Ohio.

Are Football Fans Christian?

Referring to the article, *The Rough-riding Mayor of Dobberville* (Sept. 1), describing the feats of Saskatchewan's Roughriders football team, I wonder whether many of your readers realize the cost to the public of this enterprise in the sporting world.

Regina's Community Chest fell short of its objective last fall, while over \$200,000 was raised by fans through various means to finance the Roughriders. Take the case of a young woman with a modest income who bought a twenty-dollar season ticket to watch the games. Canvassers for the Community Chest will tell you that some of these sport fans will dismiss an appeal with a couple of dollars.

Are we civilized, to say nothing of being Christianized?—A. Browning, Regina. ★

HELP YOUR POST OFFICE HELP YOU



THE family had eaten its collective way through the meat course. Junior, whose table manners weren't modelled on Emily Post, flicked a piece of bread across the table at his twin sister.

"What's the date to remember in December?" he demanded.

"Christmas, of course, smarty," replied his sister, throwing the bread back.

"Moron!" jeered Junior. "The date to remember in December is December 17th."

"Why the 17th?" asked his mother, pushing back her chair, preparatory to bringing in dessert.

"Because December 17th is the last mailing date for local Christmas mail... if you want it delivered for sure before Christmas Day," said Junior.

"Aw, how d'you know?" demanded his sister.

"I read it in a Post Office ad," replied Junior triumphantly.

MORE THAN 250 MILLION CARDS

and Parcels will be mailed in Canada this Christmas. If you post YOURS, to a local address, not later than December 17th, you're sure they'll be delivered before Christmas Day. If you wait longer, your mail may get into a terrific pile up, just before Christmas, and may not arrive on time.

Think for a minute how a dozen parcels can clutter up your home.

Then, think of those 250,000,000 cards and parcels which your Post Office has to handle at Christmas.

Every piece of mail has to be sorted by hand and even with EXTRA HOLIDAY HELP this takes a lot of time.

That's why your Post Office says: Dec. 17th, last local mailing date for SURE delivery before Christmas Day... not to push you around, but to give you the best possible service.

NOTHING'S MORE STALE THAN LATE CHRISTMAS MAIL!

So, this year, how about helping your Post Office help you make sure that all your relatives and friends aren't disappointed.

It's easy! Just round up your cards and packages, the weekend of December 13th. Then post everything not later than

- December 17th for LOCAL delivery
- December 15th for out-of-town delivery

P. S.

It is always wise to have your parcels properly weighed at your Post Office. Why not do it early and avoid standing in long lines? And, remember, please, 2c (first 2 oz.) on unsealed Christmas Cards.

CANADA POST OFFICE

Hon. Alcide Côté, Q.C., M.P., Postmaster General



W. J. Turnbull, Deputy Postmaster General

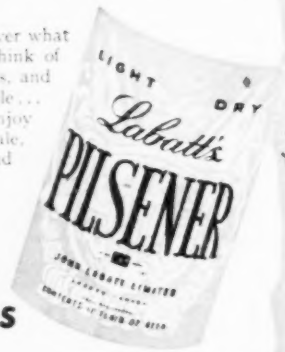
Thursty W. Seelburg Roman V. Keros
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PILSENER

SEE the backs of the labels and discover what these famous European experts think of Labatt's Pilsener. Then tilt your glass, and discover for yourself its light dry sparkle... mellow old world smoothness! You'll enjoy its true Pilsener flavour, "lighter than ale, drier than lager." Keep a case on hand all the time. John Labatt Limited.

*The swing is definitely to LABATT'S





WIT AND WISDOM



FROM THE MOUTHS OF BABES By studying diligently from eighteen to eighty a person can learn half as much as he thought he knew at eighteen. *Kingston Whig-Standard.*

REFLECTED GLORY For some girls the glass that cheers is the mirror. *Vancouver Province.*

NO SOFT-SHOE SHUFFLE Most of the footprints in the sands of time were made by work shoes. *Halifax Mail Star.*

AGE OF REASON Middle age is on you when you begin to look at pep and no brains as an insufferable combination. *Calgary Herald.*

LOW MAN A survey shows that modern youths are taller than their fathers. We know why dad is short. *Sudbury Star.*

CUTTING It's all right to be blunt with your friends but they'll find you dull. *Saskatoon Star Phoenix.*

BLACK IS WHITE Two excellent ways to get in wrong with other countries: lend them money, and don't. *St. Catharines Standard.*

LISTEN GIRLS A long courtship means a shorter marriage and less drudgery. *Brandon (Man.) Sun.*

LABOR LOST There's no payday for just laboring under a delusion. *Owen Sound Times.*

AND TELL HER NOTHING A dignified man on the bus was bringing a pair of shoes home to his wife from the repair shop, but he hadn't been given any wrapping material.

The man opposite was interested. Finally he leaned over, tapped the dignified one on the knee and said with a knowing wink, "That's right — don't let her run around." *Creston (B.C.) Review.*

DIG IN Young John came home from his first day at Sunday school and began emptying his pockets of money — pennies, nickels, dimes — while his parents stood and gaped. Finally his father asked: "Where did you get all the money?"

"At Sunday school," the youngster replied happily. "They've got bowls of it." *Birch Hills (Sask.) Gazette.*

JUST BETWEEN FRIENDS Macpherson spied what he thought was the familiar figure of a friend walking down the street ahead of him. Catching up, he gave him a hearty slap on the back and then discovered he had greeted an utter stranger. "I beg your pardon," he apologized, "I thought you were a friend of mine, Macintosh."

The stranger recovered his wind and replied heatedly, "And supposing I was Macintosh, did you have to hit me so hard?"

"What do you care," retorted Macpherson, "how hard I hit Macintosh?" *Saint John Telegraph Journal.*



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**CLEANS YOUR BREATH
AS IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH
Helps prevent Tooth Decay**



JASPER

By Simpkins



"... and for the best animal costume ..."

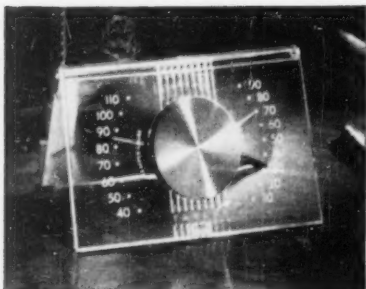
HIGHLAND QUEEN

SCOTCH WHISKY
Macdonald & Muir Ltd
DISTILLED BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

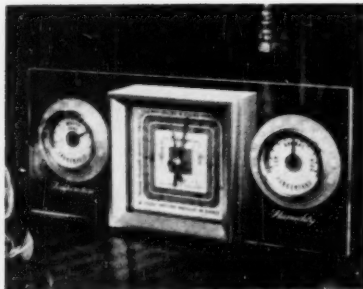


GIFTS FOR MEN

TAYLOR INSTRUMENTS \$2.35 TO \$26.



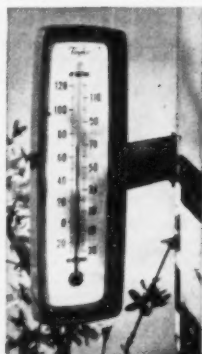
Modern Canton HUMIDIGUIDE* combination tells both room temperature and humidity. The gleaming clear plastic dial with white numerals and reflecting chrome-plated easel blend beautifully into any setting. Ideal for desk, table or mantel. 4 1/2 x 2 7/8, just \$4.50



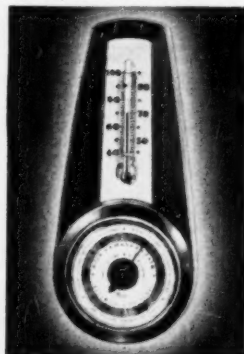
Ridgemont Combination Barometer, thermometer and humidity instrument is a complete home weather bureau. Set in crystal clear plastic—gold toned trim. Gold and ivory-finished dials, easy-to-read numerals and graduations. Exclusive Taylor altitude adjustment \$26.



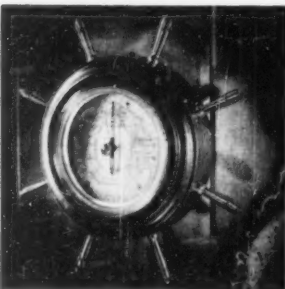
New Miniature Pendant barometer-thermometer combination. Beautiful mahogany case, brass trim. Taylor STORM-OGUIDE* dial \$23.50



New Taylor Window Thermometer has translucent scale, light shines through for easy reading. Magnifying tube, aqua-green Tenite case \$3.50



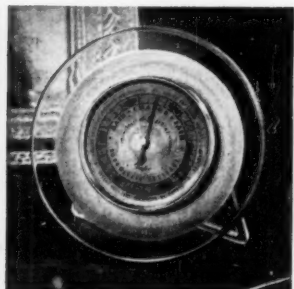
Ensign Miniature Pendant combines a thermometer and easy-reading barometer with Taylor altitude adjustment. Brown plastic case \$9



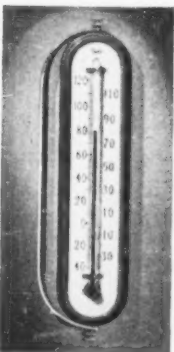
Ship's Wheel Barometer has hand-rubbed walnut case, brass spokes and bezel, silvered STORMOGUIDE* dial. Makes any man a weather prophet. 8 1/2" overall diameter, \$21



Roast Meat Thermometer tells "done-ness" of any roast. A welcome stocking gift for any cook \$2.35



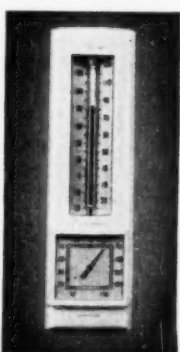
Avondale BAROGUIDE* Barometer has modern crystal clear plastic frame, gold and ivory tinted dial, gold toned trim. Reliable weather forecaster, for table or wall \$9



Deluxe Window Thermometer has large magnifying tube, and is built for years of accurate service \$4.75



Fairmont BAROGUIDE* combination gives room temperature, humidity and weather forecast. Maroon and gold \$17



Indoor-Outdoor Thermometer tells indoor and outdoor temperatures indoors. Ivory or brown case \$9

SEE THESE UNUSUAL GIFTS NOW at your favorite department store, jewelry, optical, hardware or drug store. Barometers for altitudes above 5500 feet at small extra cost. Taylor Instrument Companies of Canada Limited, Toronto. *Trade-mark

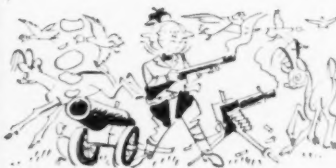
Taylor Instruments
MEAN ACCURACY FIRST



AN OAKVILLE, Ont., girl, phoning a friend in Clarkson five miles down the highway, told the operator to keep trying the call. Then an errand took her unexpectedly to Clarkson and she called personally at her friend's house.

The phone rang and the Oakville girl had to explain to a bewildered operator that she wanted her call canceled because—well, here she was in Clarkson.

A Montrealer who spotted a deer in his favorite partridge grounds near Lachute, Que., hurriedly bought a rifle. The next week end, after



vainly lugging both rifle and shotgun all day, he decided on a last try for a bird. Leaving the rifle at his car he headed for a thicket where he'd often shot a partridge—and ran smack into a deer. He raced for the car, tossed in the shotgun, and sprinted back with his rifle, only to find the deer gone. Just then there was a loud whirr and a partridge in full flight crashed into a nearby wire fence, fell, then fluttered half-dazed past his head.

A young couple who operate a service station near Portland, Ont., hung up a sign, "Closed—Too Darn Hot," one scorching day and went fishing. Returning that evening they found a group of travelers and neighbors standing before the station—watching it burn merrily.

A zoologist on the way to Europe last summer saw a white-winged crossbill on deck in mid-ocean. Two days later it had disappeared. On his return to Toronto he asked a group of scientists at the Royal Ontario Museum whether the small land bird could have flown back to the coast.

"It didn't have to," a museum ornithologist said with a smile. "It came by air mail." A Toronto woman on the same ship had found the bird dead on deck, preserved it, then mailed it to her brother, a naturalist, who sent it on to the museum.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

A Toronto advertising executive who left his new-model car in a downtown parking lot returned to find that a large overhanging sign had fallen on it, caving in the roof. He hoisted off the sign to read: Cars Left at Owners' Risk.

A Cape Breton spinster, who makes no secret of her membership in a lonely hearts club, constantly searches the classified ads for messages from available males. But friends had to step in when she enthusiastically showed them her latest lead:

MATE WANTED
APPLY DARTMOUTH FERRY COMMISSION
C. H. MacDonald, Supt.

In Edmonton's west end a shopper dropped a large bottle of ginger ale on the sidewalk and went back to the store to buy another. Returning, she saw a boy of about eight kicking the broken bottle off the sidewalk. A passing motorist stopped and gave the boy a quarter to go get himself another.

A farmer near Myrnam, Alta., left a wooden wagon wheel in a nearby lake to soak up water and expand to



fit its steel rim. When he pulled it out three days later eager beavers had neatly gnawed off all the spokes and carted them off to their dam.

In Powell River, B.C., the driver of a black Austin sedan was waiting for his wife at a parking lot when a woman pulled an identical Austin up beside his. In a spirit of camaraderie he leaned over, "Twins, eh?" The woman smiled and nodded shyly. As she stepped from her car he realized to his intense embarrassment that she was definitely pregnant.



But no brush marks . . . because * **POLYSAR** *makes paint better*

If you have painted your living room or some other room in your home lately, you are probably aware that a revolutionary change has taken place in the handling, drying and lasting qualities of paint. The answer can be found in one of the many variations of Polysar—Polysar paint latex.

The makers of many consumer and industrial products have always searched for ways to better the qualities already in their basic raw materials. Now at Polymer, their specific needs are being met through the science of chemistry with Polysar.

Manufacturers of paint are selling an entirely

new kind of paint because Polysar latex makes paint better. Makers of such products as heater hose and weather stripping now give their products far higher resistance to weathering and cracking because these qualities are created in Polysar materials. Products as widely varying as leatherette and bowling balls can now be given longer life because basic Polysar materials used in dozens of different products can be chemically tailored to the makers' needs.

Chemically controlled rubber has produced such outstanding superiorities in finished products that, today, 50% of all new rubber used in Canada is Polysar.

* Registered trade name

Polymer Corporation Limited • Sarnia, Canada



Man-made materials chemically controlled to

improve many existing products and create new ones

she's in love . . . and she'll love

Community for Christmas!



Dear Santa — All my silverware, please (not just a place setting!)

What girl hasn't dreamed of the Christmas—the one wonderful Christmas—she'll find her Community* under the tree.

Not a place setting or two, but all the fine silver-plate she's always wanted. Enough to start her entertaining proudly, graciously, with her table set for eight . . . or even twelve!

Not ordinary silverware—not lightweight silver-ware—but genuine Community, beloved by brides and their mothers for generations! Not ordinary patterns, either—but the five Community patterns

loved round the world—including brand-new White Orchid,* so popular because it captures in silver the most beautiful flower of all!

If you're playing Santa to your sweetheart (or your wife or your starry-eyed daughter) make this her Community Christmas! Your friendly dealer will show you the impressive weight and balance of Community. He'll point out the "Overlay" of solid silver that gives wear-protection where it's needed! And he'll tell you about his easy payment plan.

Extra Pieces—a Wonderful Gift!

If your lady already has her Community, what better gift than the extra pieces she needs to complete her service?

Just tell your dealer her pattern, and he'll help you make your selection.



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